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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLI. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1904. | NO. 8

THE PEASLEY MURDER TRIAL IS FINISHED.

Evidence In and Case Closed This Morning.

ABOUT TO GO TO JURY.

Plea for Defense Finished and the Commonwealth's Attorneys are Now Talking.

JUDGE ABOUT TO CHARGE JURY.

Commonwealth Makes a Good Case Some Good Evidence for Defense. Review of the Testimony— Other Court News.

The February term of criminal court convened at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon with Judge Bouton and Judge Ormerod of Potter county on the bench. An unusually large number of lawyers, witnesses and spectators were in attendance on account of the Peasley murder trial which has created much interest throughout the county.

The first case brought before the grand jury was that of Willis Peasley, charged with the murder of John Beardsley. The crime was committed in Bradford on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 15, 1903. Beardsley, the victim, had been accused of being too attentive to Mrs. Peasley. On the afternoon in question the husband of the woman met the pair at the B. R. & P. depot, and walking up to Beardsley, stabbed him in the neck with a murderous looking dirk. Death ensued within a few minutes. Peasley then went to the police station and surrendered himself to the authorities, admitting the killing and stating that the victim had broken up his home. A true bill was found and the trial commenced as once.

Peasley is represented by Attorneys R. B. Stone and J. P. Mullin of Bradford, and Attorneys Fred D. Gallup and Victor B. Bouton of Smethport are assisting District Attorney John P. McElvin in the prosecution.

The balance of Monday afternoon, as well as the evening and Tuesday forenoon, was taken up in securing a jury. The panel of 48 jurymen and a list of 69 talesmen were exhausted before the necessary twelve were secured. The jurymen are: G. W. Wilrath, grocer, Bradford; A. E. Eastman, laborer, Keating township; R. W. Barry, producer, Coleville; Elmer Emerson, farmer, Timbers Mills; I. H. Burton, merchant, Kane; W. W. Brewer, producer, Backus; H. Norlin, superintendent, Ludlow; H. W. Houghton, farmer, Eldred; Albert Anderson, shoe dealer, Smethport; John Gibbs, farmer, Ludlow; L. K. Hogarth, druggist, Smethport; Jesse Boyle, painter, Mt. Jewett.

During the trial the court room has been crowded and extra seats were provided for witnesses and spectators. Willis Peasley, the defendant, and his wife occupied adjoining seats and were very attentive. He appears deeply interested in all the proceedings, but does not seem worried as to the outcome. Mrs. Peasley was attired in black and presented a neat, attractive appearance.

Attorney F. D. Gallup made the opening address to the jury at 11:30 on Tuesday and immediately after, Dr. Bret H. Hall, coroner of McKean county, was called, he being the first witness. Dr. J. H. Robison was the next witness. The two surgeons performed the autopsy on the body of John Beardsley and their testimony was descriptive of the wound and of the causes of death. Dr. Hall offered in evidence the revolver taken from Beardsley's overcoat pocket, after the latter's removal to the hospital, and the weapon was placed with the exhibits. During the testimony the knife with which the crime was committed was also offered in evidence. Objection was made to this on the ground that the dirk had not been identified. Chief of Police Murray of Bradford was called to identify the knife, which he did, and also described his meeting with Peasley. On the afternoon of the fatality the defendant accosted the police official on Boylston street and said: "Mr. Murray, I might as well give myself up. I have just stabbed Beardsley." The chief expressed sorrow at the crime, according to his testimony, to which Peasley replied: "I am sorry, too; but he had warned me to look out and I knew something would happen when we met."

Assistant City Engineer Benno Wise of Bradford and L. A. Robbins, photographer, of Bradford both testified in regard to the correctness of maps, photographs and distances on same.

Olive Wolfe, aged 15 years, a sister of Mrs. Peasley, testified that on the afternoon of the homicide she went to the B., R. & P. depot with the latter. While standing talking to John Beardsley; she heard the sound of hurried footsteps and turning around saw Peasley approaching them. Peasley went straight toward Beardsley and the latter stepped backward several feet, at the same time attempting to draw a revolver from his right overcoat pocket. The weapon caught in the lining of the coat. Before the defendant had reached Beardsley the witness grabbed her sister by the arm and started away from the scene. She claimed not to have seen the stabbing or to have overheard any of the conversation between the men. About 10 minutes after the crime had been committed she met Peasley at the corner of Florence and Boylston streets. Peasley said to her, "I'm sorry I had to do it," then they parted, the defendant walking in the direction of the police station.

Charles Dennis of Kennedy street, Bradford, testified that he was at the B. R. & P. depot and stood looking out a window when he saw a man advance and strike Beardsley. Later he saw the defendant putting a knife in his pocket and heard him exclaim, "Now, I'll give myself up."

A. J. Dickison, an insurance agent of Bradford, stated that he was standing at the depot when he suddenly heard a dull sound as though a heavy blow had been struck. Turning around he saw Peasley with the bloody knife in his hand and heard him say, "There, I've fixed you. Now I'll give myself up." A short distance beyond Peasley stood Beardsley, with a revolver in his hand. The victim was staggering, but before Dickison had reached him he had replaced the revolver in his pocket. Dickison assisted him to the depot, where Beardsley stood upright for a minute and then fell forward on his face, the blood gushing from the wound in the neck. Mrs. Peasley, who was standing nearby at the time, said that she was not acquainted with the victim. A stretcher was procured, and the dying man was placed upon it. Asked as to the perpetrator of the crime, Beardsley, with a final effort, faintly replied: "Peasley."

The testimony of Bert Hopkins, a clerk, Miss Pearl Nortel, a school teacher of the East End; Miss Belle Hall of the Rochester Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. James Love of Corydon street; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sheldon of Jamestown, and W. W. Thompson of Coudersport, was substantially a repetition of the evidence given by the preceding witnesses.

James Love testified that he saw Beardsley at the depot talking with two girls, and subsequently observed Peasley approaching, the latter walking in an ordinary gait. Beardsley, after catching sight of Peasley, started toward him at the same time making a movement with his right hand as though attempting to draw something from his overcoat pocket. Whatever was in his hand caught apparently in the pocket, and a few seconds later Love saw a flash of steel in Peasley's hand and heard the echo of the blow struck the victim. Before being stabbed Beardsley walked about six feet in the direction of the defendant.

Charles Beardsley, father of the victim, testified to the effect that Peasley had called at the Beardsley home in Tuna, previous to the homicide, and inquired for John Beardsley, adding that he had come to end his earthly existence. "I intend to place him out of harm's way," said Peasley, "and I have the tools to do it with," at the same time showing a revolver. Peasley informed the Beardsleys that he had "carved up" a man named Wood for being too familiar with his wife and that the same treatment would be accorded their son. The defendant read to them a threatening letter he said he had received that day, presumably from John Beardsley. Beardsley implored the defendant not to harm his son and told him that the boy would be sent away in a short time. Mrs. Beardsley, the mother of the murdered boy, was overcome with emotion when placed on the witness stand. She substantiated the testimony of her husband and added that she had begged Peasley not to kill her son. "I told him," said Mrs. Beardsley, "that Mrs. Peasley wouldn't ever be any better until God had saved her, and he replied that 'God hadn't anything to do with this case.'"

Mrs. W. Hooker, who conducts a small store at Tuna, within a half mile of the Beardsley homestead, testified that on July 4 Peasley came to her store armed with a knife and a revolver. He inquired for John Beardsley and Mrs. Peasley and stated to the witness that he intended to kill his wife's paramour. Mrs. Hooker told him that a crime of that nature would seal his doom and Peasley replied that he didn't care, that he was unhappy and might as well die one way as another. The witness identified the knife which acted out death to young Beardsley, as the one Peasley had shown her at the store.

The prosecution closed its side temporarily shortly after 10 a. m. yesterday. The witnesses called during the morning included Chief of Police Murray of Bradford, Ray Moore, F. T. Bellis, L. B. McIntyre and Ervin Frank, whose testimony was merely a corroboration of the evidence given by the previous witnesses. The cross-examination failed to shake the testimony as presented by the prosecution, but on several occasions the defense scored by bringing out in some of the evidence adduced that Beardsley had attempted to draw a revolver from his pocket, previous to receiving the fatal knife thrust. Several witnesses for the prosecution were absent when their names were called and an agreement was made with the defense whereby the Commonwealth could then rest its case, and subsequently be permitted to present testimony.

Attorney Mullin opened the defense with a brief address to the jury in which he outlined the theory calculated to prove that Peasley killed Beardsley in self defense.

Mrs. Willis Peasley was the first witness called. She said her age was 19 years. Her maiden name Grace Wolfe. She was married to Peasley August 24, 1900, and lived happily with him until February, 1903. At that time John Beardsley came into her life. He was infatuated with her and she returned the sentiment. She corresponded with him and they both made appointments and met in various places. In April of last year she left her husband and engaged a room on Chestnut street, Bradford. She was employed in a hotel and worked nights, occupying the room daytimes. Beardsley was a frequent visitor and this state of affairs continued until the arrest of the couple on a charge of adultery. This case was tried at the June term of court last year and the details are familiar to Miner readers. Mrs. Peasley said that after that case was disposed of she again lived with her husband in a dwelling house on Newell hill. Beardsley again commenced paying her attentions. She went to a number of places with him. A few weeks before the commission of the crime she met Beardsley by appointment at the B. R. & P. station on Sunday afternoon and he asked her to go to Limestone with him. She was about to board the train when she caught sight of her husband and told Beardsley that she did not dare go with him. He insisted that she should and her husband finally settled the matter by making her go home with him. Just before the train started Beardsley told her to go to East Bradford and take the evening train and he would meet her in Limestone. She tried to do as he wished and Peasley again frustrated the plan by following her to East Bradford and making her come home with him. She told of various threats Beardsley had made against her husband, and on one occasion exhibited a knife and said he would fix Peasley. Under examination she told of the scene at the B., R. & P. station the Sunday previous; said that Beardsley saw Peasley coming toward him and tried to draw a revolver from his overcoat pocket; the hammer caught in the lining of his coat and he tried to work it loose. Her sister was with her and they then ran around the corner of the station. She saw Beardsley after he was shot, just before the ambulance arrived and asked him if he knew her. Did not know what reply he made. She identified the revolver taken from Beardsley's clothing as the one she saw that day. Mrs. Peasley was on the stand nearly three hours. She gave her evidence in a composed manner and seemed little affected by her trying position.

Mrs. Wolfe, mother of Mrs. Peasley, was called and told of a promise made by Beardsley that he would go away and cease his attentions to her daughter.

Doctors Hall and Robinson were placed on the stand in an endeavor to prove that Beardsley was so weakened from loss of blood that he was unable to pull the trigger of the revolver after drawing it from his pocket. They said it was possible for the wound to cause such a condition of the muscles of the arm and hand.

Chas. Peasley, brother of the accused, testified that he heard Beardsley make threats against his brother's life. Told his brother he was in danger and had better do something about it. Said his brother replied he had no money to take the case before the authorities.

Joseph Delaney, who was in the county jail at the same time Beardsley was confined there, told of threats he had heard him make.

Willis Peasley was placed on the stand and for over two hours related in a calm manner, details of his checkered wedded life. He said he was 25 years of age and was born in Scio, N. Y. Said he was a carpenter by trade and had worked in various towns in the vicinity of Bradford, and for some months since his marriage lived in West Virginia. He told that before he knew Beardsley he had seen his wife in his (Beardsley's) company. He first became aware of the relations existing between the pair through two letters addressed to his wife, which he took from the postoffice and opened. Peasley said he had repeatedly tried to make his wife discontinue her relations with Beardsley. He told in detail of the many trials of his married life. The knife with which the deed was committed he said he found in an oat field on Newell hill where it had been lost by a party of boys, none of whom were known to him. Said he visited the Beardsley family and showed them one of the letters he had intercepted in the hope that they could make Beardsley change his ways. Denied making any threats and all knowledge or acquaintance with Mrs. Hooker. He told of an anonymous letter he received which he was positive was written by Beardsley, and referred to the Sunday he had prevented his wife from going to Limestone. After some parley between the attorneys, the letter was read to the jury by Attorney Stone. It was as follows:

"WARNING."

"Say Peasley: You and I must have an understanding at once. You queered my game the other Sunday, but by God, I will have your life to pay for it and don't you forget it. You know who this is from. But others don't."

Peasley claimed that he commenced to be frightened after receiving the letter and knew there would be trouble when he met Beardsley. He also said that Beardsley shot at him three times on one occasion when he was riding his bicycle in the vicinity of Bradford. The night before the crime he said he found the knife in his overcoat pocket. Had not worn the garment for several months. He sharpened the knife and decided he would carry it for protection. Sunday afternoon he saw his wife and her sister at the B., R. & P. station and started toward them, and as he turned the corner saw Beardsley attempting to draw a revolver from his pocket. He rushed toward him and struck him with the knife, hoping he would disable his arm before he could shoot. When he saw the blood and realized that Beardsley was hurt he walked up town and gave himself up. During his examination he said that he once offered to give up his wife if Beardsley would promise to support her and treat her well, but Beardsley scornfully refused.

Several witnesses were then called who testified to the good character of Peasley. All said he bore a good reputation until about a year ago when it became known that he was having considerable trouble on account of his wife.

Misses Verin Read and M. Jamison of the East End were called by the prosecution shortly before the adjournment of court yesterday. The girls testified that they were at the depot on the afternoon of the tragedy and saw Beardsley talking with Mrs. Peasley and the latter's sister, Olive Wolfe. The girls said Peasley approached the trio on a run and jumping over the seats at the southeast corner of the depot struck Beardsley with the knife before the latter could make a move to defend himself. Beardsley appeared surprised by the suddenness of the attack and it was after he had received the fatal wound that he drew the revolver from his pocket. Being too weak from loss of blood to use the weapon he replaced it in his pocket. The defense tried in vain to shake the damaging testimony of the witnesses, but they answered every question without hesitancy and left the stand without having weakened their story a particle.

Geo. Booth and Alex Harrington were placed on the stand this morning by the prosecution and their statements conformed with some evidence already heard.

S. D. Weaver, commissioners, clerk, stated that during a visit to the county jail, Peasley told him that on the day of the crime he saw, through the window of the B., R. & P. station, Beardsley talking to his wife and he ran out and struck him.

E. D. Boardman, the last witness, was called by the defense. He stated that he was near the B., R. & P. station when the crime was committed and saw Peasley and Beardsley advance toward each other, saw Beardsley draw a revolver partly from his pocket before he was struck. On cross-examination he stated that he was subpoenaed last night and had never told anyone, "not even his wife," that he was a witness to the crime. Judge Bouton questioned the witness for several minutes at the conclusion of his testimony.

The plea for the defense was finished at the close of the morning session and the pleas of the Commonwealth are now being made. At 8:30 the pleas were just being closed and it is thought the case will go to the jury soon after 4 o'clock.

OTHER COURT NEWS.

While Judge Bouton was presiding over the murder trial in the court room Judge Ormerod held court in the library and the following cases were disposed of:

Commonwealth vs. John Quirk, furnishing liquor to a minor. Not guilty but pay one-third of the costs and the prosecutor, S. R. Lindsley pay the remaining two-thirds.

Geo. L Doremyer, charged with stealing chickens, was found guilty of larceny and was sentenced to one year and six months in the penitentiary.

In the Hudson family case, Judge Ormerod discharged the parents and gave the children a fatherly lecture on good behavior, charging them that unless they conducted themselves properly in the future they would be sent to the reform school.

In the case of Harry Draper, a young man from Hazelhurst, charged with statutory burglary, the jury found him not guilty.

Jerome Taylor was tried and found guilty of fornication and bastardy and was sentenced to pay $50 fine and $2 per week for the support of the infant for seven years. His bond for the fulfillment of the sentence was fixed at $600, in default of which he was committed to jail.

In the case of David Hewitt, charged with embezzlement, the indictment was quashed.

Henry Scott pleaded guilty to the charge of malicious mischief.

GRAND JURY FINDINGS.

Besides the cases tried true bills were found in the following: Sam Stofer, assault and battery; Joseph Painter, larceny; Michael Hennessy, violation of tramp act; Henry Moss, malicious mischief; R. R. McClure, practicing dentistry illegally.

Not a true bill was returned in the following cases: Ed Dolliver, larceny; Fox & Egbert, selling liquor on Sunday; Amanno Peppe, assault with intent to commit rape; L. F. Brown, assault with intent to commit rape.

The grand jury recommended improvements for heating the court house, jail and County Home. They were discharged this forenoon.

The Editor Married.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Warner in Ceres, Thursday evening, occurred the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bessie, to Charles A. Herrick of Shingle House. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a few near relatives by the Rev. T. C. Bell, pastor of the Shingle House M. E. church. After the ceremony a dainty wedding supper was served, with musical accompaniment from a "string and tin pan orchestra" composed of a host of our friends, whom we tried to fool, but didn't. They certainly had the best "horse fiddle" we ever heard. There was only one way to answer their call and that was to make our appearance. Well, we went out to greet our friends, and when we escaped we felt as though we had gone through an initiatory degree in some lodge. We are now at home to our friends in Shingle House.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

To Brother Herrick we extend hearty congratulations and wish him a long life of wedded bliss and prosperity.

Hyde-Hawks.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. Hawks of Chrystal occurred the marriage of their only daughter, Nora, to J. C. Hyde of Smethport on Thursday evening, Feb. 11, at 8 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Justice J. L. Morris of Millport.—Coudersport Enterprise.

The bride is spoken of as a highly accomplished and most charming young lady, and Mr. Hyde, who is a Smethport young man, is deservedly popular and his many friends in this section will join with the Miner in wishing them happiness.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization solicits bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, Manager, Smethport, Pa. Piano furnished when required.

RUSSIA WINS NAVAL BATTLE.

Portion of Japanese Fleet Destroyed at Port Arthur.

FRANCE MAY HAVE TO BUTT IN.

Troubles in the East May Involve Several Countries—France Will Not Desert Russia.

A dispatch in this morning's Era tells of a naval battle fought at Port Arthur: "At quarter before 9 in the morning of Feb. 24 numerous Japanese torpedo boats attempted to attack the battleship Retvizan and sink large steamers loaded with inflammables. The Retvizan was the first to observe the torpedo boats, and opened a strong fire on them. She was supported by the coast batteries. She destroyed two steamers near the entrance of the harbor; they were coming directly towards her. One of them went on the rocks near the light house on Tiger peninsula and the other sank under the Golden Hill. The Retvizan observed four steamers in a sinking condition and eight torpedo boats departing slowly to rejoin the waiting Japanese warship. A portion of the crews of the Japanese was drowned. The grounded steamer is still burning. The enemy is still observed in the offing of Port Arthur in two lines."

Some of the Japanese crews were saved by their torpedo boats. Others went down with their ships.

A Paris dispatch of Feb. 22nd says that France will remain neutral as far as possible but before there will desert their friend and ally, Russia, they will take a hand in the affair.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening In McKean County In Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

The following "poem" was inspired by a most dreadful tornado which occurred at Lymansville, Potter county, on March 20, 1854. The production originally appeared in a paper published in Smethport by Hiram Payne about that time. It is reproduced in this column as an historic reminiscence rather than on account of literary merit:

At Lymansville a place can be found
Where sin and great wickedness once did abound.
It was on the 20th of March at half past four,
When God sent a tornado, dreadful did it roar.
The clouds they were gathered, the hail it did crack—
While houses and barns they all went to wreck.
And now to rebuild them, O what will it cost?
But thanks be to God, not a life was there lost.
As some from their dwellings were quite blown back,
While others came crawling from under their wreck,
Both infants and children, both men and their wives,
Oh! how good was the Lord in sparing their lives.
The millpond, full forty rods it was thrown—
Large logs from their old beds were blown—
They were rolled to and fro like cobs on a floor,
Like the power of a God in the days of a Noah.
Lo! on northward it went with most powerful rush,
The tall wide forest it all went to crush.
We all can now see the display of God's power,
What he has once done in much less than an hour.
Oh go, little story—go far off and near—
Let the noble, the wise, the cottager hear,
That God by his judgment is calling us loud;
Soon shall we all go him with angelic crowd.
Well do I remember a reading of same
Eighteen, on whom fell the tower of Siloam
Except I repent, I likewise shall perish;
O let me now learn my God for to reverence.

—Daniel Lyman.

People traveling between this place and Kane or Wilcox will find the Barnes hotel a capital place to stop for dinner. For a meal to suit the most fastidious we heartily recommend this place. We agree with Mrs. Barnes, the good lady of the house, in saying that her Grant potatoes are unrivaled. She is a Republican from principle and says she hopes no member of her family will ever resist his voice in opposition to Gen. Grant, the savior of this grand and prosperous nation.

On Thursday last, August 22, a terrific thunder storm visited this section. The spire of the new Catholic church in this place was struck by lightning and destroyed. The building was badly damaged otherwise.

Died, in Otto township, on Friday, August 16, 1872, Mr. John Mills, aged about 75 years. The deceased was only sick some three days and died before medical aid could be procured. He was born in Monie Morris and settled on the Allegheny river in Eldred township in an early day and from thence he moved up to Knapps creek and had lived there some twelve years previous to his death.

In Smethport, August 23, 1872, Marian, infant daughter of H. L. and A. E. Burlingame. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

At the residence of her daughter in Jones township, Elk county, Fannie, wife of Jedediah Brownell, deceased, and mother of Hon. W. S. Brownell of this place, in the 91st year of her age.

Those wishing to become members of the Smethport Cornet Band are requested to meet at the court house on Friday evening next, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of electing officers and making arrangements for ordering instruments, etc.

We learn that Mr. Enoch Smith of Norwich township met with a very painful accident on Tuesday. As he was coming out of the house he slipped and fell heavily upon his right arm, causing a serious and painful fracture above the elbow.

At our last term of court we noticed Judge Olmsted once more among us and it was gratifying to his numerous friends in this county to see that his health was improving. Judge Olmsted, like our own estimable Judge Williams and Judge Wilson, has many warm and admiring friends and he justly deserves them all. His rise in life is due to no kind indulgence of capricious fortune, nor to any skillful combinations of interest, but to his own manly exertions and cultivation of heart and head. His consistent devotion to duty, his strong and faithful attachment to every principle that is good and noble and his manly generosity and dignity have secured for him an enviable share of respect and distinction. As a man, honorable and noble; as a judge, conscientious, learned and able, the district he represents may justly feel proud of him.

Died, at the residence of W. A. Williams, Esq., in this borough, on Wednesday, October 16, 1872, of disease of the heart, Henry F. Williams, aged 26 years. The deceased was a native of this borough and a son of the late Wm. Williams, Esq., one of the early settlers of McKean county. He was a man of warm impulses and generous to a fault. He leaves a wife and two young children to mourn his untimely loss.

Orchestra Chair X 13

By HOWARD FIELDING

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The train from New York due at Bridgeport at 6:20 p. m. ran into the station a few minutes late and with an unusual panting and bustle, as if confessing that it was in a hurry. From the rear platform of the last car there alighted a tall young man who did not wait for the train to come to a full stop. He wore a long, dark gray raincoat, with the collar turned up, and a black alpine hat was pulled well down over his forehead. His face, as he dodged around the end of the depot suggested that of one who is hurrying through a smart shower without an umbrella, yet the weather had cleared within the last hour, and moreover, the man was under shelter all the time.

If it was the stranger's intention to escape observation he failed signally. An experienced keen eye marked all his doings. Before his foot was firmly on the boards of the platform as he stepped down from the car this thought had flashed through the brain of a certain young man who lounged near by upon the shady side of a pillar which supported the roof. "That fellow looks queer."

The eye and thought were Stephen Kent's, and Mr. Kent was a reporter on one of the Bridgeport papers; therefore an individual who was glad to pep anything or anybody that was queer. He was a bunch of quick decision, and he lost no time upon this occasion.

The stranger crossed the street beyond the station in a great hurry and entered the bar of a hotel. Kent went in by the main door and gained the bar in another way, yet almost simultaneously with the object of his interest.

The man in the raincoat took his place by a window and observed with obvious interest, even a measure of anxiety, the crowd which poured out of the building. It may have been a quarter of an hour that he stood there, and meanwhile Kent was sitting beside a small table pretending to read an evening paper.

The light from an electric lamp struck through the window in such a way that the stranger could not avoid it as he looked out. It kept strongly upon his face, revealing to Kent a very interesting matter, namely, that the man in the raincoat was naturally of a fair complexion. Though he seemed to be dark haired, his eyebrows were peaked and his mustache blackened.

Obviously the disguise had been put on against the will of the wearer, who, in the opinion that it must make a radical change in the man's appearance. It was probable that his hair and eyes were dark brown, and for that reason the gray eyes and very light colored eyebrows and mustache would have been the more noticeable.

Presently it became clear that the stranger was satisfied with what he had seen or it may have been with what he could not see from the window. He turned away and walked across the street into the restaurant which is in the depot.

Few people were eating there, but it seemed that they were too many for the man in the raincoat, and he was about to go away when he observed a flight of stairs leading up to another dining room on the second floor. Five minutes later, when Kent ascended the stairs he found the stranger sitting in a corner of the newspaper held before his face. Not counting two waiters and a cashier, there was nobody else in the room except Detective Cyrus Field Bond, who was on regular duty at the depot.

THE STRANGER TOOK HIS PLACE AT A WINDOW.

It was a bit startling to see these two men there together, but the fact had no especial significance, for Bond was the first arrival and could hardly have known that the other was coming. Moreover, in ordinary circumstances Bond always ate in that room at that hour. The detective was a man of such regular habits and his custom was so well known to Kent that the reporter would have been willing to say with confidence not only where Bond had been at any particular hour of that day, but also where he would be during the remainder of it. He would finish his dinner at 7:30 precisely; he would smoke a short cigar of a certain brand, while standing before the door of a certain cigar store (or just within if it should rain), and then he would go to a theater and occupy a seat on the center aisle in the last row of the orchestra.

Kent was strongly tempted to sit down at the table with the detective, although he knew that this would be a breach of strict professional etiquette.

He sat down in a corner and ordered some dinner. The waitress who served him was a nice girl, but very loquacious, so much so that Kent felt obliged to warn her in a whisper not to say anything that should reveal the nature of his occupation.

"I guess there must be something doing this evening," said the girl, glancing at the stranger out of the corner of her eye. "Mr. Bond gave me the same advice."

Presently the passenger from New York called a messenger boy and sent him out upon an errand. He seemed to be giving somewhat elaborate instructions to the lad, and Kent apologized to get some hint of their nature, but in this matter the waitress proved to be an inadequate source of information.

"He said he'd give up to the Park theater to buy a ticket," she whispered. "He said that he wanted it in the last row of the orchestra."

"The last row in the orchestra?" repeated Kent, directing at Bond.

It was in the nature of a coincidence for if the boy should go to the same theater as the mysterious stranger and Detective Bond were certain to spend the evening very close together.

"Did he say he'd just come from New York?" inquired Kent, "Have he and Bond got something up? Do they expect to nab somebody in the theater?"

It was a question impossible to answer without more data. But at any rate the case was worth watching. The messenger boy returned with the ticket after a considerable delay, during which the stranger seemed to be somewhat nervous. It was then 7:25, and by all the laws of nature Cyrus Field Bond should leave the restaurant in exactly one minute. He did not do so, and the matter of a big story was no longer in doubt.

It was ten minutes before 8 when Bond left the room, and he went no further than the restaurant below, where he leaned against the cigar stand and conversed with the man behind it. He had not been there long when the mysterious stranger paid his check and departed from the depot, quietly attended by Kent, who walked upon the other side of the street.

There was a considerable crowd about the entrance of the theater, and, indeed, it was not easy to get in, for it was the night of a "first production upon my stage," and both the play and the company had been well advertised in advance. So far as Kent could judge, the stranger was relieved in mind by the sight of the throng of people, for it was certain that he should shake off recognition in so close an association, and the reporter had great fear for a minute or two that he had been thrown off the trail. But the buying of the ticket had been a mere ruse, and that the man of mystery had mingled with the crowd merely for the purpose of working his way secretly out again and leaving the theater.

Kent, whose pass did secure us admission ticket to seats they pointed us—and had made his way inside, he perceived the unknown seated in the last row of the orchestra, still clad in the raincoat and with the collar turned up around his neck. In the next seat of that same line of chairs sat Detective Bond, and it dashed across Kent's mind that if the two men had desired to exchange a few words in such a manner as to attract no attention they would have had an excellent opportunity when the stranger passed Bond on the way to his seat.

Was it possible that they had arranged this matter by secret signals in the restaurant? And if so, what was the game? Were they so placed in the theater that some person or persons whom they desired to entrap would be seated between them? The stranger was in chair X 13, the sixth seat from Bond's, which was X 1. Of the five seats intervening Nos. 3, 5 and 7 were occupied by people who were known to Kent, people of a very humdrum sort who could have no share in this mystery. Nos. 9 and 11 were vacant, and though Kent knew that the tickets must have been sold, he beheld the places still empty when the house was darkened and the curtain rose. Almost immediately, as if they had been waiting for a signal, two persons appeared, an elderly man and a young and very pretty woman, both strangers in Bridgeport to the best of Kent's knowledge and belief. They were ushered into the waiting chairs. As they passed Bond the reporter saw no sign of recognition, but the stranger betrayed himself. Beyond a doubt he knew these people and was extremely desirous to avoid attracting their especial attention. He pulled up his collar a little farther on the side toward them and turned his head so that no clear view of his face could be had. Later he managed to assume a not notably unnatural position, with his right elbow on the arm of his chair and his hand sheltering his visage.

It was the young lady who was next to the man in the raincoat, and she seemed to be entirely oblivious of his presence. She kept her attention fixed upon the stage and seemed to take a very deep interest in the performance, whispering frequently to the elderly man beside her as if making comments and confidences. Kent, who was very near this group, could not hear what was said, but the man in the raincoat must have heard much of it and he seemed to be listening secretly.

At the close of the first act, when the lights in the house were turned up, the man in the raincoat sank down still farther into his chair and effaced himself with even greater caution. Presently, to Kent's surprise, Detective Bond arose and strolled out of the auditorium. He went to the smoking room downstairs, and Kent ventured to follow him. No one else was there.

"Hello!" said Bond as the reporter entered. "What do you think of the play?"

"Blast the play!" replied Kent. "I've got something else on my mind."

"Have, eh?" was the response. "Well, so have I."

"Now, look here, Cyrus Bond," said Kent earnestly. "I've always used you well, and you've always found me square. I've never given away anything you've told me, until you've said that I could. Isn't that so? Well, such being the case, I ask you to let me in on this game that's going on tonight."

"Game!" repeated Bond.

"Who's that fellow in the raincoat?"

"Blamed if I know," answered the detective, almost as if the confession were a relief to his feelings. "That's on the level. I don't. Only wish I did, for I'm of your opinion, my boy. There's something up. I caught on to that man at the station. He's disguised, and he is mighty anxious to escape observation. He knows those people next to him, and I don't. They're strangers here. They came up on the 5:55 train, and they were on the quiet—a little; not so hard as he is."

"What do you make of it?"

"If I was to give a guess," said Bond, "I'd say that that fellow was young Blaisdell, the man who turned the trick at that New York bank the other day, and that the other two are relatives, his father and sister, perhaps. They look a mighty sight like him. Have you caught on to that?"

"I have," responded Kent. "But that fellow doesn't answer Blaisdell's description very well."

"He doesn't," responded Bond, rubbing his head reflectively, "and that's a fact.

"HARRY! YOU HERE?"

But I can't think of anybody else, so I guess—well, you can make up your mind to that."

"What are you going to do?"

"Mighty little if I can help it."

"You may be interested to know," interrupted Kent, with a sniff, "that I'm going to do something."

"If he was," continued Bond, "I'd say that he'd make a bigger mistake than he ever made in his life. To prosecute a case in New York you've got to be in New York, and when it comes to the performance I'm sort of thinking that I'll be there. I'll try to hold that fellow down, but if I haven't quite enough you may bet your sweet life you'll be needed, and I'll let you in on the story. Where do you go to get a drink around here?"

Kent returned to the bar, and Bond, separated from him by the width of the room, sat down at one of the tables and ordered something to eat. During the remainder of the performance Kent and Bond sat in the bar, where they were excellently well pleased. It was a most satisfactory thing to be in the second row of the orchestra, still clad in the raincoat and with the collar turned up around his neck. In the next seat of that same line of chairs sat Detective Bond, and it dashed across Kent's mind that if the two men had desired to exchange a few words in such a manner as to attract no attention they would have had an excellent opportunity when the stranger passed Bond on the way to his seat.

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QUODECIMALISMS.

In Theory the Number 12 Is a Better Unit Than Is 10.

Herbert Spencer was ever opposed to the metric system. He was no such fool as to call the present British reckoning in pounds, shillings and pence satisfactory. His point was that the number 12 was a better unit than 10. Twelve is twice divisible where 10 is only once divisible. One-quarter of 10 is 2½, but no integral number. There are other reasons, based upon the observed workings of the human mind, all tending to show that to reckon in dozens is more natural than to reckon in tens as soon as man grows beyond the finger counting stage.

In scientific quodecimalism new characters would have to be designed for 10 and 11, while 12 itself would be written 10. The number now called 144 would be written as 100, and 1,728 would be 1,000. The present number 100 would be 84. By the course of a hundred years or so, when people had got used to it, the quodecimal system would be just as convenient as the decimal. Twelve inches would make a foot, twelve feet a rod, and so on.

In theory quodecimalism is sound. But it is not an easy thing to change a people's standards of money, weights and measures.—New York World.

WASHINGTON'S METHODS.

The Way the Father of His Country Conducted Receptions.

Presidential receptions at the White House nowadays are vastly different from those given by the Father of His Country when he was at the head of the government. Philadelphia was then the scene. The president rented a house at Sixth and Market streets for $3,000 a year and dressed himself much more elaborately than he had for similar occasions in New York.

On the occasion of a presidential reception, a chosen few were admitted and formed a circle around the reception room. Then the president made the round, favoring each with a formal bow and a few words. Then he returned to his position before the fireplace and they in turn were conducted to, bowed and retired.

There was no handshaking, his hands being so bestowed as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. At these levees our first president shone, too, in the matter of dress. Washington is described as resplendent in black velvet, silver knee and shoe buckles, long black silk stockings, his powdered hair tied in a silk bag or queue behind. He wore yellow gloves and held a cocked hat in his hand.—Exchange.

WEEPING AT A WEDDING.

A Chinese Marriage Is a Most Solemn Ceremony.

A Chinese marriage is a solemn ceremony, no talk, no levity and much crying. The solemnity of a funeral prevails. After the exchange of presents the bride dresses with much care in a red gown of brocade or silk; if she can get it her eyelashes are painted a deep black, and she wears a heavy red veil attached to a scarlet headdress from which pendant pearls hang over the forehead. A feast is spread upon a table to which the blushing bride is led by her nearest friends. They are seated at the table, but the only noise of people eating is the clinking of chopsticks against the bowls. Deep silence prevails, which finally the mother starts crying, the guests follow, and the bride joins in the chorus. Then all the bridesmaids leave the table and the disconsolate mother takes a seat beside the bride of state, where the bride sits, the bridegroom now enters with four of his men friends. The men pick up the chair in which the bride sits and proceed to the bridegroom's home in procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining room, signifying that he is her master by leading her to his own home. The bride then throws rice at the people, a custom we have borrowed from them.

Precocious Girls.

In Nantucket girls usually marry at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and a husband will pay £15 to £20 for a wife if she is a good cooker and expert at housework and spinning. When girls from the villages marry townsmen no money is paid, the bride instead bringing her trousseau with her in exchange, as it were, for the privilege of becoming a "town lady." In the latter case the bride most likely will be required to do little or no work in the fields, and that is the great ambition of most girls there.—London Globe.

Living and Working.

Few people outside of hoboes and Indians not taxed really live without working.

Those who work without really living are much more numerous, including, as they do, billionaires and seamstresses with more than six small children.

In the perfect day, when the lion and the lamb shall walk together and the rich shall go down to the college settlements and play bridge with the poor, we shall all doubtless both live and work.—Life.

Phil May's Habits.

The all night and next day habits of Phil May, the artist, have furnished material for many a story. Joe Tapley, the singer, said that he came across May one night and heard that the latter had not been to bed for four nights and days. He remonstrated, and May said: "Never mind, Joe; we'll make a bargain. Don't you lose any sleep on my account, and I promise that as soon as I feel tired I'll go to bed!"

The Boston Girl.

"Will you marry me?" he asked bluntly.

"No," replied the Boston maiden. But she added coyly: "I am not endowed with sacerdotal power. Put your question properly. Ask me if I will become your wife."—Philadelphia Press.

An Eloquent Objection.

Mrs. Newlyblessed—But you certainly don't object to such a wee little baby as that? Janitor—Oh, it ain't the size as counts, mum—it's the principle av the thing!—Exchange.

THE NAME MARY.

At One Time It Was Practically a Bar to Matrimony.

Mary as a Christian name was held in very singular veneration during the mediæval ages, and in some parts of Europe there existed a superstitious reluctance among men to marry any one who chanced to have been so christened, or the bride elect was at least required to change this name for some other of less sanctity.

All Marys were at one time believed to be invested with extraordinary powers in connection with the affairs of life. Bearing the same name as the Blessed Virgin, they were considered worthy of more than common consideration, and their personal influence over their husbands especially was unusual; hence many high sought authoritative ordinances forbidding their wives to be known as Mary. Sovereigns, in some cases, dreading subjection to their partners, showed a marked distaste for Marys.

Thus Alfonso IV. of Castile, when on the point of wedding a Moorish maiden made it a condition of the marriage that at her baptism, as a recent convert to Christianity, she should not take this name. In the articles settled for the union of Ladislas of Poland with Marie de Nevers there was a clause which bound this princess to change her name to Aloyse. Casimir I. of Poland, who married Mary, daughter of the Duke of Russia, acquired of her a similar sacrifice to popular sentiment.—Pearson's Weekly.

RATS KNEW CAT WAS ABOUT.

They Never Saw Puss and Were on Another Floor of House.

"I have observed recently a rather curious thing with respect to the relationship between cats and rats, and it has led to a rather interesting reflection," said a man who takes much interest in animal life. "For awhile the rats overran my place. At night there was no such thing as quiet around the house. They would scamper across the floor, jump up and down the steps and cut all kinds of capers. We secured a cat, and from the very time the cat appeared on the place the rats began to get scarce.

"There is nothing curious about this fact in itself, but to my personal knowledge the rats have never seen the cat. The cat has remained on one floor and the rats on another. There has been no chasing and no conflict between them. Now, I want to know how the rats know the cat is on the place.

"The inquiry has caused me to indulge the most interesting reflection. How far can a rat detect the presence of a cat by the sense of smell? Not dimly at considerable distance. Else the rats at my place would not have known of the cat's presence under the circumstances. I'm quite sure that they have never seen the cat. But they know he is there just the same, and they have been awfully curious since his arrival."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dangerous Fishing.

Some years ago the New London sloop yacht *Bodine*, while cruising off Martha's Vineyard for swordfish, was struck by a wounded fish and so badly injured that she sank. The fish had pierced the bottom with his sword and in his blind attack had buried his head so hard against her timbers that they were shattered.

Actually not one of the fifty or sixty vessels that cruise for swordfish has a record of complete immunity. One craft was struck and sunk by swordfish two dozen times in one cruise. Luckily none of the attacks was delivered under such circumstances that the fish succeeded in piercing her hull entirely, but the vessel was injured so badly that she needed a thorough overhauling and refitting outside ports.

Spencers and Titles.

Herbert Spencer in disclaiming all titles, happened to follow a lead set to him by others of his name. Charles Spencer, second Lord Sunderland, would not, when he sat in parliament for Tiverton, allow himself to be called my lord and expressed the hope that he would live to see the day when not a peer would be left in England. Another and a later Spencer, the Hon. George Spencer, sixty years ago astonished his father, the Earl Spencer of the day, by dropping his title and even his name when he became a Roman Catholic and entered the Passionist order as "Father Ignatius."

Shortest Street in the World.

What is perhaps the shortest street in the world is West South Division street in Buffalo. Furthermore, it has only one side. South Division street proper runs east from Main, but the old surveyors allowed it to cross Main street and run for thirty feet on the west side, where it intersects Erie street, which runs diagonally southwest from Main. On the north of West Division street is Shelton square, so the short street has but its south side to call his own.—Exchange.

For Her Blood.

Lady de Vere—So you wished to see me, Mrs. Farmer? Mrs. Farmer—Yes, lady, an' 'oping as you are full of 'earth an' 'appiness. Well, I sez to your Violet sez to my Emily as she's gotter Blue blood in 'er veins. So I makes so bold as to bring yer a bottle of the famous Blood mixture as set my old man on his pins, thinkin' you would give it a trial.—London Chronicle.

Presumptive Evidence.

"What evidence have you," asked the teacher in the night school, "that people live longer nowadays than they used to live?"

The young man scratched his ear and reflected.

"Well," he said, "the people that used to live are all dead, ain't they?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Superlative.

"I have looked over the whole field," said the young author, "and the only thing that pays is a good novel."

"Wrong again," said the philosopher. "What pays better?" said the author. "A bad novel," said the philosopher.—Life.

L. K. HOGARTH

has the sole agency for

Hawke's Cut Glass,

the ware that took the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition.

Fine Stationery
Chamois Skins
Perfumes
Toilet Articles
Rubber Goods.
Trusses
Pure Drugs
Medicines

Ladies' need our patent dryer after shampooing the hair.

Union and Bell 'Phones.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

Fall and Winter Styles.

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter, or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always head quarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPEGHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House,
SMETHPORT, PA.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Elwood Gaskin's
NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.

Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.

We handle fruits and vegetables in season.

Bell 'Phone

Armstrong's Reliable— Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

A REAL BARGAIN

is not necessarily an article at the lowest price. It is the best for the least money. That is the kind we handle, and all goods are backed by our guarantee. Money back if goods are not correct.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Get the Habit

of looking at our window display of Rich Cut Glass, every piece of which is for sale at cost until next Thursday. We have the privilege of sending unsold pieces back to factory and have decided to give our customers the benefit of this arrangement for one week.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Titusville has a smallpox scare.

—The Redfield mantle is advertised by Redfield's Hardware this week.

—New wash fabrics are advertised by F. C. Lindbloh & Co. this week. Note the attractive prices.

—The Socialist ticket was defeated in Austin last week, although a good run was made by that party.

—Fire destroyed the Harrison Valley school house a few days ago. The damage amounts to over $5,000.

—Spring session Edinboro Normal opens Mar. 28th. Free tuition to prospective teachers. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—C. A. Burdick has a new insurance advertisement in this week. He represents many of the most reliable companies in the world.

—The Clarion Normal School offers splendid opportunities for general culture as well as for the professional training of teachers.

—Lyman H. Walker, aged 79 years, died at his home in Bradford last Thursday evening. He was a veteran of the civil war and had been a resident of Bradford for many years.

—Probably a circumstance never likely to occur again was three from one family, each on a different ticket, i. e., A. N. McFall, Prohibition; F. T. McFall, Democrat, and E. G. McFall, Republican.—Eldred Eagle.

—The Portville postoffice was robbed of $20 in money and stamps on Wednesday night of last week by a gang of thieves, who blew open the safe. The safe and window glass in the building were ruined. The perpetrators of the crime escaped.

—Chicago had another theatre fire on Monday. The Alhambra theatre and hotel were badly damaged. After the fire was extinguished the remains of three persons, two men and one woman, were found in the ruins. There were many narrow escapes. The loss is estimated at $75,000.

—We learn that E. E. Smathers, the horseman, is going to make good the shortage of the brokerage concern of Baxter & Co., which failed a short time ago. To prevent loss to clients Mr. Smathers will give about $200,000, and his only reason for so doing is that he formerly owned this concern and when he sold out he recommended the new proprietors to his old clients.

—We think the Antikamnia Chemical Co. of St. Louis for one of their beautiful calendars called "Confidence."

—The notion held by many intelligent people that swallowing the seeds of grapes, berries, and other small fruits is a direct cause of appendicitis is thoroughly exploded by an expert physician in a recent number of the Dietetic Gazette. "This fear," the writer says, "is utterly baseless since the healthy appendix is protected by a valvular arrangement which prevents even the smallest seeds from entering it. It is only after inflammation has already destroyed its normal protection that any foreign substance can gain access to it. To feel compelled to eschew all seeds, berries and fruits is to seriously curtail one's dietary, and it is entirely unnecessary. In fact, the free and constant use of ripe berries and fruits of all kinds is one of the best preventives of this dangerous disease."

WANTED: 50 MEN AND WOMEN.

To Take Advantage of Special Offer Made by McCoy's Drug Store.

McCoy's Drug Store are advertising to-day for fifty men and women to take advantage of the special half-price offer they are making on Dr. Howard's celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia, and get a fifty cent package at half price, 25 cents.

So positive are they of the remarkable power of this specific to cure these diseases, as well as sick headaches and liver troubles, that they agree to refund the money to any customer whom this medicine does not quickly relieve and cure.

With Dr. Howard's specific at hand, you can eat *what you want* and have no fear of ill consequences. It strengthens the stomach, gives perfect digestion, regulates the bowels, creates an appetite, and makes life worth the living.

This is an unusual opportunity to obtain 60 doses of the best medicine ever made for half its regular price, with the personal guarantee of a well known business firm to refund the money if it does not give satisfaction.

The Nickel Plate Road Again Selling Low-Rate Colonist Tickets to the Pacific Coast.

Tickets on sale every day March 1st to April 30th, at rate of $42.50. These tickets are good in our trans-continental tourist sleepers and can be routed as desired beyond Chicago. For full particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Nickel Plate Road's New Tourist Sleeping Cars.

If you expect to take advantage of the low colonist rates to the Pacific coast, write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y., for particulars regarding their splendid tourist sleeping cars. They afford a comfortable journey at a very low cost.

The Story of a Diamond.

[illegible] heirs have been [illegible] slaves, while in other [illegible] a gem of their bridal wife [illegible] a lifetime and brought forth nothing.

It happened one night that a big starch factory on the banks of the Liffey, near Dublin, took fire, and great puddles of starch and water were left outside.

Some calico printers who had been out all night and were quite tipsy came along toward morning, and one of them stumbled into one of the puddles. He found it so sticky that all his clothes stuck to him so fast that he had to stay in bed next morning till his wife soaked them out.

The man knew from his trade that the starch and water had formed a very powerful and valuable gum. He went back to the place of the fire and investigated, and the result was the discovery of the adhesive gum now used in sticking postage stamps, and which has made many rich. But temperance lecturers need not know it.—Boston Globe.

A Vain Imagination.

A furniture dealer tells a little story that shows how some people are constituted. A lady ordered an elegant easy chair of a peculiar kind. It was made and sent to her house. She examined it carefully and critically, finally remarking that it suited her exactly, with one exception—it was too soft. She sent the chair back to be made a trifle harder. It was returned to the shop and put aside. Nothing was done to it. After a lapse of about a week the chair was sent out again. The lady again examined it and now found it too hard. She was sorry, but when she paid so much to get an article for her own comfort she wanted it just right, so she sent it back to the shop for another change. The chair was again put aside for a week or ten days and sent out for the third time without the least alteration. This time it was just right. She took the chair, paid for it and was sorry it had not suited her at first. The poor woman never knew that the chair had not been changed a particle.

Deceptions of Wild Birds.

Falcons, hawks—the largest species—can compress their features and look very slim if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can hump up into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for these self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing or standing in front of them that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought them and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. Then the raptores in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage like the bloom on a bunch of grapes which is not often seen when in captivity.

An Elephant Story.

An elephant train was on its way from Lucknow to Secundra, and one elephant, becoming lame, knelt down, and refused to go on. The elephant next in the column stopped of its own record and when driven on turned back and began without instructions to remove some part of the load. Instances of aid rendered by birds to others in distress may also be found, showing that the instinct of sympathy exists and takes form in action when the causes of the sufferings are such that the fellow bird can understand and see its way to remedy.—London Spectator.

Novel Funeral Instructions.

Curious instructions as to the manner of her burying were left behind by an old lady at Stockport, England. Her funeral, she directed, should be attended by six of the best horsed coaches Stockport could provide, and another direction was that after the interment the funeral party should repair to the best Tory hostelry in Oldham, there to be served with the best repast the house could afford, which was to be supplied by a Tory landlord and served by Tory waiters.

Brought Him Back to Earth.

He—What name shall I invent for thee, dearest—what appellation that in a single word can express all my soul's desire, all my heart, all my passion, all— She (exceedingly unromantic)—Well, John, what's the matter with Jane? As a name it's always been good enough for me, and I thought it ought to be good enough for you.

Covered the Case.

Old Practitioner—Well, how did you succeed with your first diagnosis? Did you profit by my advice? The Young Doctor—I think I did, sir. I told the patient that he was suffering from a combination of liver, stomach, heart, lung and brain trouble. O. P.—Good! No chance of a mistake there.

Willing Acquiescence.

"You must not expect me to give up my girlhood's ways all at once," said the happy bride.

"Oh, I won't," he replied. "I hope you'll keep right on taking an allowance from your father just as if nothing had happened."—Exchange.

An Ex-Convict.

Jolkley—I once heard a man say that he would rather be an ex-convict than anything else he could think of. Polkey—The idea! How eccentric! Jolkley—Not at all. The man was in the penitentiary for life.

A Misnomer.

Caloverger—Look here! Did you break that rubber plant? Freddie—That ain't no rubber plant. I pulled at it till all the leaves came out, and it didn't stretch a bit.—Judge.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Blind or Bleeding, Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver-vat Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

Malay Superstition.

Malays have very much the same ideas of bad and good luck signs as prevail in other countries. If one trips on the steps of his house or knocks his head against the lintel when starting for a journey he delays a day, if possible, for the accident portends death. Fearful ill luck will attend a native who starts on a journey in the rain, for the rain signifies tears. As a swarm of bees settling on or near a house in England brings good luck, so the result is the very opposite in Malay districts. A bird flying into a Malay house decidedly benefits the occupier, for, if caught, smeared with oil and compounded to fly away with all the ill luck and misfortunes of the house, all will be well.

In Singapore we see Malay cottages around us, here and there, yet few show the superstitions prevailing with regard to the building of these habitations. For instance, if the steps in front are by an unlucky chance placed exactly under the center rafters it will mean quarrels and fighting under the roof. A visitor to one of these dwellings must never lean against the steps when talking. That would entail a funeral from the house. This weird notion arises from the fact that corpses are handed to men at the bottom of the steps.—London Times.

A Joke He Liked.

In the strain and excitement of trading on Wall street the brokers, says Mr. E. C. Stedman in the Century Magazine, often relapse into wild merriment and play boyish pranks. On one occasion an old Indian with a young brave, a boy and two squaws entered the gallery. At once the "floor" put forth every effort to break down their stolidity. A war whoop had no effect. A war dance did not arouse even a smile.

At last a bald headed man was thrust into a ring of young fellows, his hands held behind him, a knife drawn around his pate, and the mimicry of a futile attempt to detach his scalp was executed.

This was at last too much for the dignity of the aborigines. The boy broke into a broad laugh, in which the squaws joined; the young warrior grinned in spite of himself, and at last the semblance of grim humor overspread the face of the ruthless old chief, who may have been the perpetrator of as many atrocities as Geronimo.

Loads a Language.

The vigor and purity of a language can only be preserved by the fashionable class, the class which in matters social everybody imitates, speaking it well. But how can English be well spoken when some of the greatest ladies speak the idiom of Massachusetts through their noses and a large proportion of the men couple the idiom of Cockaigne to their throats? The [illegible] falling of broken English [illegible] ties and in drawing rooms is becoming quite fatiguing, and as a result the English spoken there is worse than it was ever spoken before. Everybody knows the temptation to speak a sort of baby pigeon English to a foreigner in the strange hope that it may be more intelligible to him. This and the slang taught us by the Yankees have reduced the English language as spoken by smart people to a base jargon.—Saturday Review.

How One Fact Was Discovered.

In the early part of the last century an English buttonmaker became famous for the steel waistcoat buttons which he used to manufacture with lines cut upon them for ornament. He gradually put the lines nearer and nearer together and observed that as he increased the number of lines the buttons became more and more iridescent. He explained his discovery to a scientist, who began experimenting upon ruled plates of steel. The result was the wonderful diffraction grating which is now used in place of the glass prism upon all great telescopes to break the ordinary ray of light into its primary colors.

Less Profanity Than Formerly.

The habit of swearing is not as common as it used to be in this country. Gentlemen no longer use the language with the unvarnished freedom of the days of Sheridan, when a gentleman was accustomed to season himself, collectively and in sections, to the lowest depths of perdition in the presence of ladies while paying tribute to their charms. Undoubtedly many youths who were not brought up to swear do swear now and then under provocation, but there is, all things considered, an increasing respect for the English language.—Washington Times.

Korean Mourning.

Koreans wear full mourning for their fathers. The dress is of hemp cloth, with a hempen girdle. A face shield is used to show that the wearer is a sinner and must not speak to any one unless addressed. The costume is retained for three years, the shield for three months. This is worn for a father only. Secondary mourning is worn for a mother and no mourning at all for a wife.

Unreasonable.

"John," said the bargain hunting half of the matrimonial trust as they sat at the breakfast table, "I wish you would let me have $10 this morning."

"My dear," replied the meek and lowly husband, "I wish you would break yourself of the habit you have of dreaming that I married an heiress."

His Unreasonableness.

She—Oh, I would have given anything to have had it! He—Well, why didn't you buy it? She—The idea! They wanted half a dollar for it!—Brownlee's Magazine.

The characteristics of the blusterer are a killing tongue and a quiet sword.

BIG RETURNS ASSURED

For labor and time is what every business man is looking for. The successful farmer is the shrewdest man in the town. He knows by experience that to get good returns for labor he must plow well, his horses and men will be well preserved and the ground turned just right to fit it for his crops if he uses the "Easy Draft LeRoy Plow." Sold by A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa.

The F. Hengerer Co.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

When in Buffalo lunch in our Basement Restaurant

50 Stores in 1

We give the popular S. & H. Green Trading Stamps.

The NEW WASH GOODS

We want to tell you of the wash fabrics of the coming spring and summer. We want you to know of their delicate beauty, tastily blended colorings, perfect weave — more than that, we want to send you samples. It matters not whether you buy or not—let us send you samples.

Our Monthly Store News Service

If your name and address are on our select mailing list you hear from this store every month, you are kept posted regarding the trade events here, you have word of all bargain sales.

Send your name and address on a postal—at once — Now. We'll place you on the list — and send wash goods samples as well. Write at once and mention this paper.

OUR REMOVAL SALES

are in full swing — special bargains in each of the fifty departments.

The WILLIAM HENGERER CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits, Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

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RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED B. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne
Smethport - Penn'a.

THIS WEEK

We are showing a large and beautiful line of Ladies' Dress Skirts. In these you will find correct styles and a perfect fit. Prices very low.

Any changes made free of charge.

Best grade flannelette and percale wrappers at reasonable prices.

Millinery is going at cost.

All New Idea Patterns 10c.

The New Idea Magazine 5c.

We give PURPLE STAMPS.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as BROMO-PEPSIN. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, BROMO-PEPSIN is equally as as prompt in efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport, - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer,

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the 58th Congress from the 21st Congressional District, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

S. K. DRESSER.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 2, 1904.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Senator from the 36th Senatorial District of Pennsylvania, subject to the decision of the Republican party.

MYRON MARTIN.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.

J. M. McELROY.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.

J. W. CAMPBELL.

Kane, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

S. D. WEAVER.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 22, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.

J. P. DAVIS.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

FOR DELEGATES.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

W. H. MORGANSON.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 12, 1904.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

RICE DONOVAN.

Kane, Pa., Feb. 12, 1904.

The death of Major Arthur McClellan, brother of the late General George B. McClellan and uncle of the mayor of New York, occurred at Dalton, Pa., on Monday. The cause of his death was heart disease.

The Republican primaries will be held at the various polling places in McKean county, between the hours of 4 and 8 p. m. Saturday, March 26, at which one person will be nominated for Congress, one person for State Senator, two persons will be nominated for the Assembly, one person for County Treasurer, one person for Coroner, three persons for delegates to the State convention, and one person will be elected in each polling district as a member of the Republican county committee for a period of one year.

The United States Senate on Tuesday ratified without amendment the treaty with Panama for a canal across the isthmus of that name, by a vote of 66 to 14. The result was a foregone conclusion, the interest in the matter being only in the division of the vote on the Democratic side which was not known definitely until the roll was called, all the Republicans being for ratification. Fourteen Democrats voted for ratification and fourteen against. Two Democrats, Clark of Montana, and Stone of Missouri, were paired in favor of the treaty and three Democrats, Overman, McLaurin and Martin, were paired against it, so that the division of Democrats were for the treaty and 16 against it. The Democrats who were present and voted for the treaty were: Bacon, Berry, Clark of Arkansas, Clay, Cockrell, Foster of Louisiana, Gibson, Latimer, McCreary, McEnery, Mallory, Money, Simmons and Taliaferro. The only other vote was on the amendment offered by Senator Bacon, providing for an arrangement to compensate Colombia for loss of the territory of Panama. This was rejected by a vote of 24 to 49.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, 1904.

Those who for some months past have been using the name of the late Senator to conjure with, as a weapon for the discomfiture or possible defeat of the nomination of President Roosevelt for the Presidency, now declare that the Senator's death was "inopportune," which is virtually a confession of their intentions and wishes. It is now known that Senator Hanna was loyal to President Roosevelt, as he was to all of his friends, although he may have doubted the wisdom of some of the President's policies, just as Senator Hoar did not always agree with President McKinley. The death of the great Ohio Senator, so widely lamented, has hushed all opposition to the President, at least within his own party, and he has little to apprehend from Democratic opposition since that party is all at sea for issues, rent by many fissures, with no policy and no candidate. Thus far, out of some forty delegates chosen for the convention at Chicago, thirty-six have been instructed to vote for President Roosevelt. The suggestion that Robert Tod Lincoln may be a candidate for the Vice Presidency is merely the afterglow of admiration for the great Lincoln. Nor is it at all likely that any member of President Roosevelt's cabinet will be put upon the ticket, notwithstanding it contains such popular men as Hay and Taft.

The past week in Washington has been given up to mourning, with an almost complete cessation of legislation and very little political agitation. As the day draws near for the ratification of the Panama treaty it becomes evident that it will command a very large majority, and cease at once to be a political issue. As soon as the legal machinery can be set in motion preparations for beginning work on the canal will be made. Before men can be sent to the isthmus for hard labor in the trenches it is but humane, and of the highest economic importance, that their health should be protected and conserved. To this end it is proposed to spend a million dollars to provide the city of Panama with pure water; there must be a drainage system put in operation; hospitals will have to be built, and a code of laws provided for the government of the canal zone.

The statement by Congressman Dalzell that Congress has nothing to do but pass the appropriation bills and go home may be taken as foreshadowing, somewhat, the policy of those who control affairs in the inflonal halls of legislation. If this Delphic utterance has any meaning it looks as if the service pension bill, the eight-hour bill, the anti-injunction bill, the parcels-post sentiment, and Senator Foraker's proposition not to restrain trade within "reasonable limits," will be allowed to sleep until after the election. A bill has been introduced requiring the Director of the Census to co-operate with the States in taking the census of manufactures next year. Senator Gallinger wants the White Mountains of his State thrown into a great national reservation, and Chaplain Hale favors the proposition, for he thinks if the trees are protected they will prevent floods in the Connecticut river. It is proposed to increase the signal corps from 750 to 1,200 men. The reason is so many are required in the Philippines. The agricultural bill for the next fiscal year increases the allowance by $500,000 each for the following bureaus: Forestry, animal industry, good roads and experiments in breeding cattle.

Secretary Hitchcock of the Interior Department has been pushing the investigations regarding the land frauds in western states which have led to the indictment for conspiracy of four real estate operators in San Francisco. The three government clerks, Vale, Naylan and Allen, who confessed to receiving bribes for imparting confidential information are to be exempt from prosecution but will be dismissed. The sentence of Hyde, Benson and others indicted, was to use the disclosed information which informed them in advance of what the new forest reservations would be situated. Taking advantage of this before the land had been withdrawn from the market by orders of Commissioner Hay, they secured large tracts of school and mineral lands at a nominal price, and after the reservation had been withdrawn by the President, they exchanged these lands, acre for acre, for other valuable lands within the state. The loss falls principally on the states. As the Department now conducts its business with local land offices by telegraph the door to possible frauds is closed.

There is a rumor that Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, may be recalled, the reason given being that he has failed to establish such relations with the Executive as to secure cordial sympathy for Russia in connection with the war in the East. At present the count has an attack of lumbago. He was unable to attend the funeral of Senator Hanna. All the naval officers in Washington are pleased with the results obtained by the use of torpedoes on the part of the Japanese. "We told you so," they exclaim with one voice. They also maintain that our warships should be kept in commission all the time. The general staff of the army has vetoed the proposal to promote officers below the rank of general by "selection." In his last message to Congress the President was in favor of such promotion, maintaining that in this way only could the best men be put in the most important places. But the general staff is of the opinion that such a system would create too much discontent among officers who are in line of promotion.

The so-called Machen trial in connection with postoffice frauds drags its slow length along, and no one can tell when the verdict of "not guilty" will be rendered. What are legally known as "prayers" have been offered in the court, and there appears to have been sore need of them. Mr. Justice Pritchard says he has no doubt the counsel on both sides will argue the case as long as they have breath. Hereafter he will limit the time for arguments. A decision in the Northern Securities case from the Supreme Court may be expected in a few days.

The Woman Suffrage convention, which has been in session in Washington, closed its labors on the 17th. It decided to concentrate all energy in the hope of securing a sixteenth amendment to the constitution, giving full suffrage to women. Its next annual meeting will be held in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Roosevelt has opened a museum in the basement corridor of the White House of the china used by the Presidents from Lincoln to Roosevelt. Lent has cast a deep shadow over the social side of the capital and only small dinner parties are given.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, Willett Sheridan Palmer of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 17th day of March, 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

Our Sale is Just Beginning

The old adage—"Large Bodies Move Slowly," illustrates pretty correctly the progress of our sale. Like an engine on the up-grade, we keep the lever open and steam up all the time. The people who buy keep puffing and blowing about the bargains they get. And under the impetus given at the start the big engine of trade runs smoothly each day with steadily increasing momentum. The garments sold since the sale started, Jan. 19 are only a drop in the bucket compared with the number on hand at the start. What have been sold will never be missed. The only way we notice the stock depreciation is by the full cash drawer. This sale is on yet, and will continue until stock is reduced to normal condition, be the time soon or long. We shall continue to sell overcoats and suits and furnishings and hats for men and boy at cost, and less than cost, and Y-O-U are invited.

IKE SIMONS, BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE 40-42 Main street, Bradford, Pa.

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's For Fresh HOME MADE CANDIES try us.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

MONDAY, FEB. 29.

HAL REID'S BEST PLAY.

The Great Comedy Drama of Intense Heart Interest.

A SCENIC MARVEL.

"At Cripple Creek"

Direction of WHITAKER & NASH

Third Season of Enormous Success.

SPECIAL SCENERY AND EFFECTS FOR ENTIRE FOUR ACTS.

ACT I—The Temple of David at Cripple Creek. "The Spider's Web."

ACT II—Joe's Cabin at Rift Canyon. "The Eagle Flight." "Saved."

ACT III—The Last Dollar Mine. "Out of the Depths."

ACT IV—Joe's New Home. The Sacrifice. "A Human Life."

Just as Presented in All the Great Cities.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, — Pa.

In the District Court of the United States For the Western District of Pennsylvania.

In the matter of John Wells Voorhees, Bankrupt. } No. 252 In Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of John Wells Voorhees of Smethport, in the County of McKean and District aforesaid, a Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1904, the said John Wells Voorhees was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the referee, Bradford, Pa., on the 25th day of February, A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

JOSEPH M. MCCLURE,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

That Feeling Of Comfort

which we all like comes oftenest to those who are careful in all their affairs. Carelessness breeds discomfort and this is especially true of

Plumbing

work. And the result is the same whether the neglect be yours in not sending for the plumber at the first signs of defect or his in doing careless or inefficient work. If you will send for us in time we guarantee that there will be no discomfort after your job is finished—not even with the bill.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Watch this space next week for a New Spring Shoe advertisement.

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

When visiting store of

D. C. YOUNG

Do not forget to call for

Purple Trading Stamps.

When your book is full you can get one of the best premiums ever offered for stamps.

I AM REDUCING THE PRICE OF MANY

Winter Goods.

I have fitted up a bargain counter upon which customers will find many things of interest to them.

Do not fail to look at

Flannelette Wrappers for Women

Have a large lot of them which I have bought very cheap and am selling for cost. Have also a lot of New Spring Goods which were brought before the advance in price of cotton. It will pay you to look at my stock before buying elsewhere. Trading stamps given with every purchase of ten cents or more.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA. Jan. 26 1904.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

NEW WASH FABRICS.

The outlook now is, that the coming season will be a great wash suit season.

The range of fabrics and the great variety of effects and colors will satisfy the most fastidious. White leads of course, then comes the Champagne. Colors, greys and numerous other delicate and handsome shades in plain and mixed goods.

Nouveaute's De Champagne, a beautiful wash fabric of a weave similar to a figure, in the new Champagne color **19c**

Voile, that popular and beautiful goods which will no doubt lead in the colored wash goods season: Black, Blue, Grey and Champagne colors **30c**

Scotch Suitings in fancy mixtures and plaids. Just the thing for a dark serviceable wash suit **18c**

Jacquared Knickered Suitings, a beautiful, gauzy material in Light Blue, Red and Navy Blue mixtures. 27 ins wide **15c**

White Dress Linens, beautiful things for waists or suits. Per yard **45 and 75c**

Knicker Voiles, in handsome designs in Champagne or Grey ground **18c**

Galatea Suitings, a staple article serviceable and pretty. Red, Blue and White Solid colors and Blue and Red with White stripes **16c**

All the latest styles of Trimmings, Gold Embroidered Braids, Colored Laces, etc., to match all wash goods.

A large beautiful assortment of Ladies' Stocks just in. Look them over. Always the newest and best styles here at the right prices.

RED STAMPS F. G. LINDHOLM & CO. RED STAMPS

THE REDFIELD MANTLE

IS THE LARGEST SELLER IN SMETHPORT.

THAT'S ALL.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the new advertisement of Fry & Herzog.

—Several drunks found lodging in the borough bastile this week.

—The card game known as skat, or solo, is becoming popular in town.

—The new advertisement of Holmes & Gilfillan is of interest to sugar makers.

—The ladies of the Baptist church gave a Washington Birthday supper at the hose house. It was well attended.

—Port Allegany voted last week to bond that borough for $10,000 for school improvements, which is undoubtedly a wise move.

—The team attached to the Pleasant Valley milk wagon became *frightened* and ran away Tuesday. Milk and milk bottles were scattered promiscuously but the damage was not great.

—Chadwick's orchestra has purchased a Little Jewel piano, weighing 330 pounds, which they will furnish when required. This organization will play for a dance at Howe's hall, East Smethport, March 17.

—G. E. Ramsey of the firm of Fitch & Ramsey, Olean, was in town Tuesday to pay the policy of Casper Smith in the Phoenix Insurance Co. The proof of death was mailed on the 17th inst. and the draft was dated 19th inst. Quick work.

—"Lenten Lessons from the Babylonian Captivity" is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "The Kingdom of Nature and the Kingdom of Grace" is the evening subject, which will be preceded by a song service.

—Johnsonburg had a disastrous fire last Friday morning. The fire broke out in a building on the corner of Centre and Cobb streets and before it was under control had done about $15,000 damage. Several people narrowly escaped with their lives.

—Miss May Choate fell on the slippery sidewalk near the Wright House Tuesday afternoon and sprained her wrist. She was taken to her home on King street and was made as comfortable as possible but it will be a long time before she will be able to walk without assistance.

—James Conlan, aged 104 years, died at his home in Bradford Tuesday morning. He was without question the oldest man in McKean county. Mr. Conlan was born in Millmanie Wood, Ireland and came to this country when 40 years old. He retained his memory to the last and he could recount the happening of his early life with accuracy.

—A statement has been issued from Harrisburg showing the amounts each county of the State is entitled to for the reconstruction of roads for the present year. McKean county is entitled to $8,357.24.

—Miss Margaret Andrews has been suffering with appendicitis in a mild form for the past week. At the present time she is improving and Dr. Hamilton, her attending physician, thinks that an operation will not be necessary.

—The Brockus pin-setting device for bowling alleys promises to be a big success and we would not be surprised to see a large factory here in the near future devoted entirely to the manufacture of this clever patent. Mr. Brockus is receiving many orders.

—Through one of those little vexatious errors we said last week that Frank McGill, candidate for supervisor in Keating township, received a total of 42 votes. The facts are Mr. McGill received 42 votes in the first district and 110 in the three districts, which was a tie with the other defeated candidate and 29 votes behind Mr. Miller, one of the winners.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects of the lessons will be "Temptations and Safeguards" and "Guarding the Citadel." Services on Friday evenings with talks on "New Testament Characters." Services on Wednesday afternoon at 4:15 with instruction on the Sunday School lesson.

—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bard came home from their winter tour in the far west Saturday. They have passed a much more pleasant season than their less fortunate neighbors at home. Much of the time they have passed in Honolulu. Among the curiosities brought home by Mr. Bard is a fine pair of tiger's claws as a present to his partner, Gray. The latter is preparing to have them mounted for a Shrine pin, Mr. Gray being a member of that order.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Sunday the manufacturing plant of the Bread Johnson Furniture Company at Jamestown was burned with its contents. The company was one of the oldest furniture houses in that city and employed about 100 hands. The loss on building, machinery, goods and lumber will reach $50,000. The Century Furniture Company occupied a part of the same building and its plant and contents were also a total loss, aggregating $20,000. The plants were covered partially by insurance.

—"At Cripple Creek," a picturesque and stirring drama of life in the heart of the Rockies in the early eighties, will be produced at the Lyceum on Monday evening, Feb. 29. This latest success from Hal Reid's prolific pen bids fair to outrival "Human Hearts." A wealth of magnificent scenery making each act one of beauty and novelty has been prepared and all former efforts for realistic effects have been eclipsed. Mr. Reid is specially fortunate to have his new play interpreted by a company of capable actors.

—A collection of articles is being made by Chief Murray to be sent to St. Louis for exhibition in the educational building of the St. Louis exposition. The revolver with which Cashier Torglinson of the Bradford National bank was killed, a portion of the rope with which Crossmire was hung, and the dagger which Willis Pursley used to kill John Beardsley will probably figure in the exhibit. A number of relics and photographs in possession of the police department were lost during the fire in the city building.—Bradford Era.

"At Cripple Creek."

Rocky Mountain life, with its exciting scenes of pioneer days in the mining camp of Cripple Creek, will be portrayed in a rousing manner at the Lyceum on Monday evening next, February 29.

Hal Reid, the people's favorite playwright, has produced a worthy successor to "Human Hearts." This statement is proven by the phenomenal success of his latest great drama, "At Cripple Creek." The wild scenery in the heart of the Rockies forms a magnificent background for stirring drama and thrilling deeds. Reid's version of life's ups and downs in the mining camps and scenes of such unsurpassed beauty, the effects are thrilling. "At Cripple Creek" is a fair act drama abounding in splendid heroism and scenes of sparkling humor and quaint drollery. The first act culminates in the exciting rescue of three innocent girls from the clutches of Martha Mason, a vile half-breed and keeper of a saloon known as "The Temple of David." The second act opens in Rill Canyon, near Joe Mayfield's mountain home. A pretty scene occurs here between the child Tatto and Joe, who is the owner of the "Last Dollar" mine and champion of innocence at Cripple Creek. While the heart-stirring escape of the Mayfield from the death trap laid for him in the "Last Dollar" mine, and his rescue of Belle Conlon makes the third act one of the most novel and thrilling ever witnessed on the American stage. The fourth act reveals the interior of Joe Mayfield's home the evening he weds Belle Conlon. This love story of startling episodes, intermingling in chivalrous scenes and deeds that make the pulse of excitement leap high, carries the hearer to the very climax. Strong and forceful acting characterizes the cast, and the scenic effects are beautiful. A host of original specialties introduced by the management of "At Cripple Creek" make a production complete in all respects and a rousing good show.

Rural Mail Carriers' Association.

At a meeting of rural mail carriers, held at Port Allegany Feb. 22, 1904, an association was formed to be known as "McKean & Potter County Rural Mail Carriers' Association," carriers of both counties being well represented. The following officers were elected: President, C. A. Cooley, Port Allegany; vice-president, R. S. Baker, Candersport; secretary, Carl E. Tew, Kane; treasurer, Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; committee on by-laws, Oscar Engstrom, chairman, Smethport, Geo. W. Ellis, Elliott, S. J. Carlson, Turtle Points R. C. Baker, Candersport, Geo. Baxter, Port Allegany.

The next meeting will be held at Smethport March 25, 1904, at 1 o'clock p. m.

OSCAR ENGSTROM,
Secy Pro Tem.

Sound Reasons for the Nickel Plate Road's Popularity.

In making a long railway journey two principal points to be considered are cost and comfort. The first of these is the least, and the second the greatest, if you select the Nickel Plate Road. For the rates to whatever point you wish to reach are always the lowest via that line. And the degree of comfort is greatest, not only on account of its excellent roadbed and the highest standard of equipment, but from the fact that your welfare is personally looked after throughout the journey.

If you contemplate a trip to any part of the West, full information as to rates, service, etc., will be cheerfully given on application to R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

Florida.

The last Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania Railroad leaves New York, Philadelphia and Washington by special train March 1. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation Pullman accommodations (one berth) and meals enroute, while traveling on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Buffalo, $54.25; Rochester, $54; Elmira, $53.75; Erie, $54.85; Williamsport, $50; Wilkesbarre, $50.35, and at proportionate rates from other points. Tickets will be good for return passage on regular trains until May 31.

For tickets, itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Read This If You Are Going West.

Now is an excellent time to make a trip to the West or Southwest, and for the benefit of those wishing to go to that part of the country to look for farm lands, business locations or for pleasure, the Nickel Plate Road has arranged to sell round trip Homeseekers tickets at extremely low rates on March 1st and 15th and April 5th and 19th. One way colonist tickets to same territory on same dates. Special one way colonist tickets to principal points in California, Oregon and Washington, at rate of $42.50, on sale every day March 1st to April 30th.

For full particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Personal Mention.

F. A. Shelander of Kasson, had business in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin left today for a short visit Buffalo.

Miss Mae Ryan of Olean was visiting friends in town yesterday.

T. R. Taylor of Kane was a pleasant caller at the office on Saturday.

Con Mulvihill of Johnsonburg is in town on a visit to his many friends.

Mrs. Folger of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. O. J. Hamlin.

H. E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., was the guest of Smethport relatives over Sunday.

Mrs. H. L. McCoy and daughter, Miss Agnes, were Buffalo visitors the first of the week.

Geo. Smith of Bradford, formerly of Smethport, did service as a grand juror this week.

Chas. Wandover, collector of Annin township, was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Messrs. R. C. Pickett and Bert McConnell of Wharton were guests of friends in town over Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Lewis of Candersport was the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. H. Calkins, this week.

F. J. Andrews of Rochester visited his parents in town this week, called here by the illness of his sister, Margaret.

B., R. & P. Wreck.

The B., R. & P. passenger train No. 5 due in this city from Buffalo at 8:40 p. m., ran into an open switch Saturday night at Ashford Junction, and injured five passengers. Of these Mrs. Andrew Murdison of this city, wife of the well known dry goods merchant, and Fred Arnold, a soldier recently discharged from service and who was enroute to his home in Clearfield, were the most seriously injured. Mrs. Murdison received a scalded head and her back was wrenched. Arnold's back was injured and it will not be known for several days how seriously he is hurt. Mrs. Elizabeth E. Brown, great commander of the L. O. T. M., was also slightly hurt, but was able to walk to her home on Congress street. The train collided with a coal car standing on the switch and the cabs of both all the passengers and engineers hurled in every direction. Conductor Gaffney of the passenger train, was thrown across the aisle of the smoker and was unconscious for a few minutes. When he recovered he attended to the duties until the train arrived at Olean. Mrs. Murdison was taken to the apartments of the St. James' hotel and it is believed she will speedily recover. Arnold was taken to the hospital in the afternoon and is resting easily.

"The Beauty Doctor."

Without question the best attended entertainment that ever attended the Smethport Lyceum was the one that assembled there last Saturday evening to see "The Beauty Doctor." This musical comedy is so choke full of music and mirth that it simply help making a hit wherever it goes.

Miss Lee, the beauty doctor, Miss Egbert in the "Swinging Song," Miss King and the Cardownie Sisters all made decided hits with the large audience, while Harry G. Walters as the Jew, and Will Philbrick as Ebenezer Lazy both brought forth rounds of applause in monologue and dancing turns.

The large audience Saturday night should encourage the management to make special efforts to get more of this class of performances.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 20, 1904:

Mary M. Agnew, Henry Bowden, John Fry, Mrs. John R. Gorman, F. B. Hall, C. W. Karlsson (foreign) S. D. Moore, Frank Nilson, W. F. Pressly, Geo. W. Richer.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

"Do It To-Day."

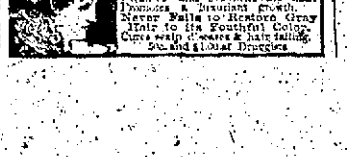
The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day." That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it to-day—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. New trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Apply at the residence of O. J. Hamlin.

Arithmetic

1. Find the interest on $3,180 for 1 yr. 5 mo. 15 ds. at 3½%. 2. How many board feet in 50 pcs 8x9—16.

We will give three prizes for the shortest complete solutions. First prize, large arithmetic; second, cash $1; third, cash 50c. Open to all pupils of any school. Give age, name and address, with full solution and mail to Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.


PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray
Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

We Give Yellow Trading Stamps.

NEW GINGHAMS At Old Prices.

We contracted for this season's gingham stocks early last fall and as a consequence of this foresight offer the choicest patterns in the best makes at a considerable saving.

The present gingham situation at first hands is a very scant assortment and high prices, in fact it's almost impossible to get any at all.

In view of the existing conditions 'twould be wise to take advantage of this sale and supply your needs while the assortment is big and the prices little.

10 pcs Everett Gingham @ 8c yd.
30 pcs Standard makes (fast colors) @ 10c yd.
25 pcs Best Seersuckers (fast colors) @ 11c yd.
5 pcs Barnaby Chicks (fast colors) @ 15c yd.

FRY & HERZOG.

DID YOU SAY SUGAR?

If so we will give you to understand that in Sugar Tools we have everything in Sap Buckets, Sap Spouts, Syrup Cans and everything to supply the sugar maker's want.

It will pay you to consider your wants before the season is upon you, and see what you are going to need—Then come to us, we can supply you with just what you want and the price is right.

No inferior goods to give you trouble. They have all been tested and guaranteed perfect.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

Lumber and Shingles.

Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block — THE FAMOUS CLOTHING STORE. — Smethport Penna.

CONFIDENCE

brought the crowd to our

BIG REDUCTION SALE

which began last week. Quality and low price made a great many new customers, and pleased the old ones.

VALUES SO GREAT

have never been offered before, and now comes the

CLEANUP-SALE

of small broken lots of OVERCOATS, and to dispose of them quickly regular $7.50, $8.50 and $9.50 OVERCOATS, will go at $5.00
$10.00, $12.50 and 13.50 " " " $7.50
others reduced in proportion, ALL SIZES.

Wm. Monheimer.

'TWIXT LOVE AND DEATH

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1901, by F. C. McClure

If Millie had not worn her blue gown the story might have been different. Whether it was the color or the stuff of it or the way it clung to and molded her slim suppleness, nobody could say, but the fact was patent, somehow it transformed her from a very pretty girl into an elfland queen. Millie was you see, a Spanish blond, with velvet dark eyes and lots of the palest gold. Small wonder in the blue gown she swept John Eustace off his feet and made him forget some things he ought to have remembered.

His betrothed, Alice Ellison, for example. Alice was as good as her plentiful gold, but stubby, dull colored and on the surface dull witted. She was, above all things, dutiful. Duty was indeed the early rent of her love for John. If she had not happened to be born the Ellison fortune would have gone to John's father, Ellison Eustace. Her father had married in a fit of pique when he was on the edge of sorrow. He lived to see his daughter nine years old and to impress upon her that she must marry her second cousin and so keep the money in the Ellison blood.

John five years older than Alice, had accepted his fate philosophically. Until change time Millie across his path he had never realized he was only child and motherless. He had grown up his father's intimate confidant. Thus was known especially young women had never worn for him the rosette shadow of unclouded youth. Still his father had by no means tried to put an old head upon young shoulders nor to breed in his son contempt of womankind. It was only that love and women were pushed to the background, reckoned mere episodes beside the rush and scurry of truly manly pursuits. Marriage was honorable in all sorts marriage with Alice would be thrice honorable, safe and profitable. Thus when she came to eighteen John had no certain satisfaction in putting the ring upon her finger and even chafed a bit. He knew the pain that lay in Alice's express desire she was to stay single until she was one and twenty.

He honestly believed himself in love, and really had the best tender kindness that had begun when a sturdy little lad, he had guided her tottering baby steps. He meant always to guide, guard and cherish her as befitted a gentleman, even though in his roseate visions of the future she was no more than a humble, submissive shade. If she would never be a brilliant light, still less would she be one of whom a husband must needs be ashamed. Indeed he was altogether a little more than content with the ordering of things until six months before his wedding day he came under Millie's spell.

He saw her first upon a spring morning full of hot, shining and tangled rutting stirs. Dew still sparkled in the grass, and overhead in the green gold of new leaf the robins thrilled delicately the joy of life and love. To his enchanted eyes Millie embodied the shining, the bird song, the softness of the south wind, the warmth of the sun. What they said is immaterial. For two hours they walked together over the ragged lawn turf or stood in rapt contemplation of newly open roses. And then in a safe seclusion of greenest shade he drew her within his arms and kissed her, for lightly, but as one who takes what is sovereignly his own.

Then followed a bedevilly fortnight. Eustace masterfully flashed out of his mind all thought that might mar this new bliss. He barely spoke his love and after that first kiss was sparing of demonstrations. There was no need of it—they understood perfectly what was in the others heart. Yet at the end of every day's engrossing delight he felt a sensation something impending over dawning heaven. He refused to let himself look further than the next day's end but somehow, somewhere he knew he would be called on to pay a bitter score.

His chief care was for Millie. No harsh note touch her, however it fared with him. She was so young, so innocently gay, so innocently foolish, he was doubly bound to protect her even against himself. It was heaven to see her bloom and sparkle at his approach. She left herself so artlessly undefended now and again there came a lump in his throat. A man who could speak, who could even think lightly of her would deserve death twice over.

So the idyl ripened through hours, sunlit and starlit. Perhaps it was some ill star in its course that brought home Joe Cantrell, Millie's brother, who lived out in the big world and knew its ways. He came unannounced late as dusk fell down, making his way through the devious side path all tangled with sweet shrubs. When Millie met him a little later, her eyes were starlike her cheeks of damask bloom, but sight of her could not win him from icy anger. He never explained anything. "You will be ready to go back with me two days hence," he said, frowning heavily. Millie got very white, but went silently toward the stair door. As she was beginning it her brother said with a taunting laugh, "Next time you choose to kiss and fondle a man take care that I am not in sight or that he is not engaged to marry another woman."

She knelt, shivering, by her bedside until she heard him go out after a leisurely supper. And she was still kneeling when he came in, stamping heavily, well toward midnight. He stopped beside her father's high black secretary, flung down the lid with a bang, then after a minute came upstairs, still moving ponderously. But his foot steps did not mask another sound—the clicking of pistol locks. Intuitively she understood—he had strolled over to the Country club, picked a quarrel with Eustace and would have him out at daybreak next morning.

No thought of appeal to him stirred in her. Instead there came a firm determination matching his own. She knew her name had not been mentioned in the quarrel quite as well as she knew herself its real root. The men must not fight. She could not have her brother's blood upon her conscience, still less her lover's. There was but one way to stop them, a way blither than death; still she set her feet toward it unfaltering.

She got up and sat by the window, watching with noteless eyes the wheeling stars, the waning moonlight. But at the first pale dawn light she was tensely alive. Below she heard a stealthy stir, the cautious opening of a door, with muffled voices and cautious steps outside. She got up and crept to her brother's room. Lighted candles still glittered there. Upon the table there was a brief will the ink not dry in the heavily scrawled signature. Beside it was a briefer statement: "Let it be understood of all men if I die I shall have died in a man's quarrel, founded on no personal grudge, but resenting outlook upon persons upon my native state." She almost smiled over it. The native state counted to Joe for so very little in the ordinary course of life.

Twenty minutes later, just as the sun peeped over rimming pines, she came out in a little clearing upon a wooded hilltop and saw two men standing weapon in hand, face to face, ten yards apart. Three other men, a little way off had scared, white faces, but neither combatant had lost wholesome color. Millie sprang between, there while as a dawn wraith, but with eyes like flowing coals. She flung up her arms and said clearly: "I'll, gentlemen, I anybody deserves death, I do."

"Millie! Go back!" Joe Cantrell thundered. Eustace dropped his pistol and leaped to the girl's side. In her ear he whispered brokenly: "Darling, let him kill me. It is the best way out of it all."

Millie shrank from him as little. "There is no need for bloodshed," she said. Then, raising her voice so the seconds could hear: "I'll all here to witness that I have not been deceived. I knew at the very first of John Eustace's betrothal. We have none in wrong to anybody. We—we have cried other because we cannot help it. Oh! It is hard that my own brother brings me to such open shame."

"Come home," Cantrell said roughly, flinging away his pistol and gathering her in his arms. Eustace caught the other hand, saying: "Stay with me, Millie. The whole world may go if I have you."

"Good by," Millie said, drawing away her hands. "I shall love you always, John, but your wife need not be jealous."

* * * * * * *

By the strange orderings of fate that was a true word. John Eustace went straight to Alice and told her all the truth. She gave him back his freedom and would have given him his honor, only he would not have it. But he could not persuade Millie to marry him until Joe, the masterful, had wooed and won Alice Ellison and her fortune.

Lord Roberts' Dish of Orioles.

When Lord Roberts was out in India he went to visit a hill station where there was much difficulty in securing a variety of food. In fact, as far as meat went, the officers were practically reduced to living on tortoises, which as every one knows, are by no means considered a delicacy. On the evening on which the commander in chief arrived he was asked what he would like for breakfast. "What is there?" asked the visitor. "Well" was the answer, "we have orioles." "Then will do," replied Lord Roberts. "As one has some choice." Now, the officer who superintended these matters was in the habit of going out every morning and shooting his own orioles but as he was busy on this special with extra parade and staff duties he gave his gun and cartridges to his "boy," bidding him go out and shoot as many orioles as possible for breakfast. The "boy" went off and after a time returned, not with dainty orioles, but with common hedge sparrows. There was nothing for it but to serve them up, and when the cover was removed for and behold, thirty sparrows cooked on toast! The commander in chief, it is said, ate four of them with a good appetite and without making any observations.—London M. A. P.

Very Easy For Her.

A "woman's reason," with all its traditional lack of logic came out in an amusing fashion at a recent dinner party in Brooklyn.

In the course of the evening the conversation drifted around to those odd little mathematical bits of the "How old is Ann?" variety, when one of the company, with explanations that the next problem would not be a very difficult one, questioned as follows:

"If a bottle and a cork together cost $1.10 and the bottle cost a dollar more than the cork, how much did the cork cost?"

Almost instantly one of the ladies was ready with the answer:

"Why, the cork cost 5 cents, and the bottle $1.05. That's too easy."

The lady's husband, familiar through years of experience with her woeful lack of skill in figures, looked up in astonishment.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "How did you come to get that so soon?"

"Why, my dear," was the reply, "corks always cost 5 cents, don't they?"—New York Times.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

A SLEEPLESS CITY.

In Madrid the People Seem Never to Go to Bed.

The Madrilenos are the greatest folks you ever saw for sitting up nights. Business is usually suspended for two or three hours in the middle of the day for a siesta, which is the practice throughout all the Latin countries. In the old fashioned cities and towns all the shops are closed at noon, tram cars stop running, and the streets are entirely deserted between 12 and 2 o'clock, and you would as soon think of calling upon a man at 2 o'clock in the morning as between these hours.

Madrid, however, is an up to date city. It has all the modern improvements, the latest fashions from Paris and all of the fads, and the people in a great measure have departed from the customs of their Castilian ancestors. You can usually catch a car and find a cab at noonday, and the big shops keep open, but the streets are more lively and noisy between 12 and 2 o'clock in the night than they are during those hours in the day.

All night long, almost until daybreak, we who live in the downtown hotels can hear the rattle of wheels over the stone pavements, the chatter and laughter of people passing, the cries of the peddlers and the newsboys and the men, women and children who sell lottery tickets. The band organs were playing upon the street at 3 o'clock in the morning, an old blind man who blows a flute at the corner below the hotel keeps it up until 4 o'clock, and two orchestras of blind men who stray about from place to place and perform unhealthily inside under the windows of the residences and before the entrances of the shops do not give up their game until almost daylight.

The beggars stay till the last, and they are as numerous here as in Constantinople. You can see such pitiable creatures in any city of Spain or Italy, and the strange part of it is that they appear to be at their posts all the time. When they sleep or eat is a mystery. They were there yesterday at 4 o'clock when I awoke and went over to close the blinds, and three or four hours later I saw them again.

But it is a peculiarity of this city that people never seem to go to bed. You cannot look out upon the great square called Puerto del Sol, the rendezvous of the busybodies and the loafers of Madrid, at any hour of the night without seeing 200 or 300 people standing idly around, smoking cigarettes, talking politics and gossiping with one another, evidently without the slightest intention of going to bed, while the peddlers, as a matter of course, also remain and are moving around among them. Human streams continue to pour into the square from the side streets until daylight and disappear in other directions.

Coming home from the theater at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning the sidewalks are overcrowded. You can meet women carrying children in their arms or leading them by the hand, as if they were returning home from some pleasure trip or from paying a visit. The cafes are open all night, and the theaters have plays beginning as late as 12:30 in the morning.

The social life of Madrid is found at the theaters. Instead of exchanging calls at their homes people visit from box to box during the plays and between the acts. There is a great deal of dressing. The theater is the only place that many women have an opportunity to wear their good clothing, and the young men and young women have greater freedom there for conversation and flirtation than they can have anywhere else.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Free From Guile.

"Aunt Jemima," as everybody called her, was the oldest person in the neighborhood. She was known to be over a hundred years old and insisted that she was nearly 120, but in spite of her advanced age she was still vigorous and to the enjoyment of perfect health. Moved by that feeling of curiosity which people have about anything that is abnormal or unusual, several fine ladies from the city went one day to the little village where she lived and called on her.

"Tell us, aunty," said one of them, "what is the secret of your great age and your wonderful vitality?"

"Dood, honey," responded Aunt Jemima, with a sly twinkle in her eye, "I 'spect it's 'cause I hain't nevah had no trouble wid hiah'd gals."—Youth's Companion.

A Correction.

Out of the mouth of a very small girl came a correction of the press. She is nine years of age, and she was to go to a party with sundry other small children. "How are we going?" she inquired. Her mother explained that she would go in an omnibus. "An omnibus!" (So early does the social twist show itself.) "Yes, but it's a private omnibus," said the mother. The little girl reflected. "But there can't be a private omnibus," she exclaimed. She was quite right, though one wonders how the small girl leaped from blank ignorance to the Latin dative which denies privacy to an omnibus, which is "for everybody."—London Chronicle.

Liver Complaint.

The most efficacious cure for liver complaint is a clump on the side of the head." So says Jerome K. Jerome in "Three Men In a Boat." The cure will be more lasting if the "clump" is followed up by an abstinence from pie and coffee, by the eating of much fruit without any sugar, the drinking of quarts of hot water and lemon and the deep breathing of pure air. Exercise, too, is an important factor in the cure of liver complaint, but the most important of all is to have something to do—something to work for.—Maxwell's Talisman.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c. and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

Some Folks If They Tried to Sell Might Be Surprised.

Three times the mystic words were spoken, three times a trembling finger traced cabalistic signs in the air. A brief pause, then a blinding flash, and the evil one appeared.

The man started back in terror from the frightful apparition, but it was too late now to withdraw.

"What would you?" said the evil one.

"Are you the—the—"

"The devil? Yes, of course! Do I have to be identified? What do you want of me?"

"I thought maybe—that is—do you buy—I want to sell my soul."

"Your what?"

"My soul."

"Your soul, eh? H'm! How much do you want for it?"

"I hadn't thought of any particular sum. Your usual price would be quite satisfactory, I think."

"And what is your idea of my usual price?"

"Why, unlimited wealth and power for a term of years, say forty or fifty, you to have my soul at the end of that time."

"Very reasonable, I'm sure. I am very much inclined to accept your terms. By the way, are you sure you can deliver the goods?"

"I don't understand."

"Are you quite sure you have a soul?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so. All people have souls, haven't they?"

"Admitting for the sake of argument that there is a soul in your carcass, are you sure it is yours?"

"That's a strange question. Whose else could it be?"

"Mine, for example."

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine. As a matter of fact it is mine and has been for a long time. Do you happen to remember a little business transaction of ten years ago whereby you robbed your brother's widow of her fortune?"

"It isn't true. It was perfectly legal."

"Of course. Most successful robberies are. But you remember it, I see. By that transaction you sold your soul to me. The price was the widow's fortune."

"But there was no bargain. I had no dealing with you. I didn't know I was selling my soul."

"Of course not. Neither did the widow know she was signing away her property. But it was legal—perfectly legal."

"But I didn't even get the property. That scoundrel of a lawyer stole it from me."

"Yes, I know. I got his soul also and for the same price."

"Then you are a swindler."

"You fail to do the justice. I am the prince of swindlers and you are one of my faithful subjects. At one time I was almost proud of you, but when you let that lawyer beat you I knew you were merely an ordinary cheat, swindler after all. In fact, I'm rather sorry I bought your soul. If it wasn't for the principle of the thing I'd give it back. However, I judge I shall not have to call for it for some time yet, so don't worry. Good day!"—Isaac Anderson in Puck.

Men Who Tipple.

I am sure you must often congratulate yourself, as I do myself, that you are not like one who seem to suffer from perpetual thirst and cannot even sit through a three act play without going out for a drink. I was reading a man's novel the other day, and in every few pages there was something about drinks. I wonder how many times a day an average man of fashion has a drink. To judge from the book in question, at least twice between breakfast and luncheon, two or three times between luncheon and dinner and after dinner up to somewhere in the small hours at very short intervals. How curious this must be to the constitution! How dulling to the jaded! And what a fine exercise for shortening life! But it is the fashion and men are slaves of fashion quite as much as women are, in matters of eating and drinking even more so.—London Truth.

A Clever Lawyer's Advice.

Edwin James was one of the most brilliant English lawyers of his day, but he was always in financial difficulties. At one time he lived in some West end chambers the landlord of which could never obtain rent. At last he had recourse to an expedient which he hoped would rouse his tenant to a sense of his obligations. He asked him if he would be kind enough to advise him on a little legal matter in which he was concerned and on James assenting drew up a statement specifying his own grievance against the learned counsel and asked him to state what he considered the best course for a landlord to take under such conditions.

The paper was returned to the landlord the next morning with the following sentence subjoined:

In my opinion, this is a case which admits of only one remedy—patience.

JAMES.

—Personalia.

When the Danes Pillaged.

In former times the Danes used to sail up the mouths of the English rivers to pillage the churches. When they were caught they were skinned and their skins nailed to the door of the church they attacked. In course of time all the exposed portion would peel off, but that covered by the nail would be protected and thus their testimony to the cruelty of the ancient Englishmen. In the London College of Surgeons may be seen three specimens of human skin bearing labels such as this: "Portion of human skin said to be that of a Dane from the door of a church at Hadstock, in Essex." A second specimen is from Copford, in Essex, and a third from the north door of Worcester cathedral. Such fragments of sacrilegious Danish hide have been found on doors in Westminster abbey.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Purviance.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John E. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Rich, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Wuch, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—J. Orr Eaton, Smethport; B. G. Hartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—J. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Eva Raymond, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Rockford, J. H. Rainey, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Vaughens, N. D. Ramey.
Justices—B. G. Hartle, B. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; A. D. Collins, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sagge.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. B. Mayo, C. C. Chase.
Judge of Election—G. W. Mayo.
Inspectors of Election—G. H. Rohde, jun., F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 188, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. ANDERSON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PIERCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, R. K.
D. C. WELLS, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

Mrs. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL TAGGART, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHASE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MATSON, A. Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord B. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class meeting, Sunday 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Church—Edgar Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:00 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 25, 1900.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 8:19 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:36 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:45 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:43 p. m.—Train 5, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:38 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m., Baltimore 5:30 a. m., Washington 6:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:05 p. m.—Train 41, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:05 p. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia, ... a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, ... a. m. Sundays). Baltimore, ... a. m., Washington 9:50 a. m. Vestibuled Buffalo sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays Dubois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for Dubois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Week days.

NORTH — STATIONS — SOUTH				
A. M. Lv.			Ar.	P. M.
9:55		Ridgway		12 01
9:40		Johnsonburg		12 17
10:17		Glen Hazel		11 37
10:30		Straight		11 18
10:20		Instanter		11 15
10:26		Smith Run		11 09
10:31		Woodvale		11 03
10:40		Clermont		11 00
A. M.				A. M.

*Connections are made with train 9, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:30 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m., and at Ridgway with train 3:50, leaving Ridgway 4:05 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:55 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

GEO. M. COOK,
Gen'l Freight Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1901.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:45 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Bradford, Custer City, Kane, Kinzua, Ormsby, and Pine Grove connecting at Bradford for Erie R. R. for all points East and West. Arrive at Bradford 10:45 a. m. Leave Bradford 11:00 a. m. Arrive at Smethport 1:00 p. m. Connecting with the Buffalo & Pittsburg R. R. for all points East and West.

4:30 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Bradford and intermediate stations. Arrive at Bradford 6:30 p. m. Leave Bradford 6:45 p. m. Arrive at Smethport 8:45 p. m. Connecting with the Erie R. R. for all points East and West.

Leave Smethport 8:00 a. m. Arrive at Bradford 10:00 a. m. Leave Bradford 10:15 a. m. Arrive at Kane 12:15 p. m. Connecting with P. R. R. for Pittsburg and the West.

Leave Kane 2:00 p. m. Arrive at Bradford 4:00 p. m. Leave Bradford 4:15 p. m. Arrive at Smethport 6:15 p. m. Connecting with the Erie R. R. for all points East and West.

Leave Smethport 9:00 a. m. Arrive at Bradford 11:00 a. m. Leave Bradford 11:15 a. m. Arrive at Kane 1:15 p. m. Connecting with P. R. R. for Pittsburg and the West.

Leave Kane 3:00 p. m. Arrive at Bradford 5:00 p. m. Leave Bradford 5:15 p. m. Arrive at Smethport 7:15 p. m. Connecting with the Erie R. R. for all points East and West.

For St. Marys and intermediate stations, leave Smethport at 8:45 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. connecting with P. R. R. for the east.

Trains arrive at Smethport from St. Marys 8:00 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. and from Kane 12:00 noon, 7:30 p. m. and 11:30 p. m.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

C. J. MARONEY, Gen'l Manager. C. J. RENWICK, Gen'l Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv. Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:15	2:10	Ulysses	7:20	2:25	9:00
7:50	6:53	2:15	Crowell	7:27	2:32	9:19
7:46	0	1:57	Carter	0	2:34	9:22
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:32	2:37	9:26
7:37	6:45	1:50	New Old June	7:35	2:40	9:31
0	0	1:45	Newfield	0	2:45	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:49	9:50
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	2:55	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:05	3:09	10:10
6:35	6:10	1:12	Prinks	8:13	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Coudsport	0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp.	Ar. 8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport		P.M.	A.M.
9:30	7:45	12:15	Ar.	Dp. 8:28	5:00	0
9:20	0	12:13	Hammond	0	0	0
9:05	7:28	12:00	Olmsted	8:33	5:05	0
8:59	7:35	11:53	Ming	8:39	5:10	0
8:55	0	11:50	Knowlton	0	0	0
8:49	7:25	11:37	Roulette	8:47	5:21	0
8:39	7:16	11:27	Bartville	8:54	5:28	7:01
8:33	0	11:21	Coleman	0	5:34	0
8:26	0	0	Chamb. Works	0	0	0
8:15	7:04	11:06	Pt. Allegany	9:08	5:45	0
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	De	Ar.	A.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with N. Y. P. & O. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

R. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

TH

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CUPID AND THE COMET

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON

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If had been bad enough, said the cowboys, to have Buena Vista county turned into a rendezvous for invalids in various stages of hay fever, bronchitis and consumption. It was an outrage to have one's favorite barroom remodeled into a sanitarium, but it was heaping insult upon injury to have a twenty-five horsepower French racer flashing over roads—and good roads, too—long sacred to the festive cow pony.

Within Harvey Thatcher, owner of said racer, the good roads surrounding Fort Norton, the county seat of Buena Vista county, had been the main attraction. When his physicians had ordered Colorado air, Thatcher had substituted that section of eastern Colorado where the roads would permit him to flaunt the already brilliant record of the Comet. And so it happened that he and his machine, his valet and his chauffeur were alone in the flesh of the cowboy element, even as the latter had worried the respectable faction among the early citizens of Fort Norton.

The cowboys had barely become accustomed to the presence of the Comet in their midst and decided that it might prove dangerous to shoot up a gasoline machine when there arose fresh cause for dissatisfaction. Nan Bearce took to riding in the Comet. And Nan was the prettiest girl in Buena Vista county, or all the adjoining counties, for that matter. She had been the toast of every cook on the ranges the night of the ball, the queen of every local tournament in which the cowboys had fought for honors after their own peculiar fashion. Her favors had been evenly distributed, and her devotion had gone to her worthless father, who ran the one shoe shop of which Fort Norton could boast. A dilapidated, evil smelling den he kept at the end of the street leading south from the postoffice, but the three rooms behind the shop were as fresh and sweet as Nan's smile—and shiny is the equal to both.

SHE NOW CAME UPON THE COMET, TWO MILES FROM HETH'S RANCH.

Even willing to overlook the father, miserable drunkard wretch that he was, for love of the girl, but she seemed too proud to insist the old man, on any of her anxious suitors. The only favor she had ever been known to accept was at the hands of Ben Heth, a stolid, almost morose young ranchman, who had started into the stock raising business in a small way and who held himself aloof from the rollicking, roistering element which had terrorized Fort Norton at regular intervals. When old Bearce had been smitten with smallpox Heth, under cover of darkness, had removed him to his own ranch because of Nan's horror of the pesthouse, and the three had endured the relentless quarantine together. Then the intimacy had apparently been broken off, old Bearce going back to his bench, Nan to her poverty stricken life and Heth to his lonely existence on the cattle range.

All this was before Thatcher and the Comet came to Fort Norton. After old Bearce had skillfully mended some rents in Thatcher's leather robes the friendship between the dashing young automobilist from New York and the humble and beautiful daughter of the village shoemaker became town gossip. Women discussed it over their back fences and at the sewing circle of the Union church. Men shook their heads around the stove at Gilbert's general store, and the news spread out on the range. Thatcher was making a fool of Nan Bearce, and there were mutterings that boded ill for the owner of the Comet. The only man who declined to discuss the situation was Ben Heth and that even after Nan and young Thatcher had ridden out to his ranch twice in the devil's wagon, as one old woman called it. To be sure, the chauffeur was in attendance, but what was a chauffeur perched up in the back seat with Nan—enticing, alluring Nan—her soft brown hair tossed by the wind, her eyes dancing with the excitement of the run, urging the young New Yorker on to higher speed?

Once they had been seen coming back to town at a slow pace, with Ben trying to keep his astonished pony within talking distance of the machine. Parties who had witnessed the scene reported it furiously. Some said that Ben appeared to enjoy the proceeding, more fool he, while others maintained that he was berating Nan for unfaithfulness, even in the presence of his rival.

But Ben's love affair was utterly forgotten in the face of more momentous events which came with the roundup. The H. O. Cattle company, with which Ben had worked before branching out for himself, discovered what it chose to designate as a shortage in H. O. calves and a corresponding and suspicious increase in calves with the Heth brand. The H. O. brand was a bar with an O on the end. The Heth brand was a dumbbell. Rumor and rumor in Buena Vista county is an ugly customer—declared that it was easy to change the bar O to the dumbbell. The air around Fort Norton became rife with things other than mere rumors, including some very bad whisky. And justice, as drink crazed cow punchers sometimes see it, works with appalling suddenness.

Rumors travel faster than half drunken cow punchers who stop at each saloon to drown their threats in bad whisky and a twenty-five horsepower machine will travel faster than either. That was why the mob that had started out to hang Ben Heth as a sort of climax for the annual roundup came upon the Comet, its owner, his valet and his chauffeur two miles beyond Heth's ranch. They were still fighting for Heth after having raced by his cabin. The Comet was piled high with luggage, a couple of dress suit cases showing above the boxes and rubber blankets which filled in the body of the machine. Thatcher explained in a cordial way that he was trying some new roads and might be gone a week or so. The cowboys sent him on his way with a volley of shots. They were bent on more serious work.

The Comet shot along the country road through the soft twilight and the limpid moonlight, straight across the state line into Nebraska. At precisely the same time the overland limited was carrying a white faced but determined girl over the same state line.

Thatcher insisted upon staying away the little and receiving the first kiss after the ceremony. He said it was done for excess baggage on the best run the Comet had ever made. Then the great red machine, with its owner, its chauffeur and his valet piled high in front of it, started back to Fort Norton. Without the happy bride and groom? Of course. Everybody knows that when a regiment loaded to the guards with drink and bent on a day's shooting meets a train containing a bride and groom on their honeymoon, the latter is compelled to stop and receive the hospitality of the regiment. Besides, it was the day for the annual roundup of the H. O. cattle and Thatcher was one of the principal sufferers.

The approach of Nan in passing through a town was usually heralded by so quiet a scene that the passage of falling stars would seem like the tramping of battalions the bright ones, and this is supposed to remind many of their little dark to us.

The Cream of Tartar Tree.

The oldest tree now existing is probably the baobab (Adansonia digitata) of Africa, alias the sour gourd or cream of tartar tree (Adansonia gregorii) of Australia. This remarkable tree has a rather short and branching trunk not more than sixty or seventy feet high, while its girth at the ground is from eighty-five to ninety-five feet. One of these has names cut upon it which date back to the fourteenth century, and the naturalist Adanson, who gave the genus its botanic name, calculated from certain data that its age must be upward of 5,000 years. The hollow trunks of these trees, which are capacious enough to hold comfortably thirty or forty bodies, are used as tombs by the native Africans, where the skeletons of corpses soon become thoroughly mummified and preserved.

Her Double Twist.

"Is there any foundation for the report that the constituents of a man's body are renewed once every seven years?" inquired the female medical student.

"I do not know how it is with a man," replied the grumpy old professor, who does not approve of having women attend his lectures, "but I have read of a certain female whose body underwent two complete physical changes in the course of a very few minutes."

"How and when did such a wonderful thing happen?"

"It was Lot's wife. You remember, she turned to rubber and then almost at once turned to salt."

Security For the Future.

Wife—Darling, we dined at the Squatsons just one week ago tonight. Do you realize that we must make our dinner call? Husband—Suppose we don't. Wouldn't they like it? Wife—Why, they never would forgive us. I'm sure they would never ask us again. Husband—Good! Then we won't go.—Brooklyn Life.

What He Wanted to Say.

"So," demanded the cross examining lawyer, "you desire to make a categorical denial of all these charges, do you?"

"No, sor," answered the witness, "but I'll say there ain't a worrud of truth in any of them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wifely Optimism.

Husband—When I see all these bills I am tired of life. Do you think the time will ever come when we shall be out of debt? Wife (cheerfully)—Why not, darling? You know that you are carrying an exceptionally large life insurance.—Harper's Bazar.

When She Listens.

He—A woman would rather talk than listen. She—Well, that depends. He—Depends on what? She—Whether or not a man is making her a proposal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE VANITY OF MAN.

Illustrated by the Way He Feels About His Photograph.

The man was about fifty-five. He was rather bald. His wrinkles were many. His mustache was gray. Nevertheless he looked vigorous and intelligent. He was handsomer, take him altogether, than he had been at forty. But he handed out a photograph of himself at forty, which hardly resembled him, so much had he changed, and "If you want to print my picture use this," he said to the reporter. "But don't lose it, for it's the only one I've got of myself at that age, and I'd like to keep it, for, you know, I don't grow any younger."

"I'd rather have your picture as you are today," said the reporter, "for you are handsomer now than you were at forty." "Oh no! I am too old and wrinkled and bald now," said the man. "Use the forty-year-old picture." The reporter exclaimed with a puzzled laugh: "So many men are like you. Though they are old, they insist on having young pictures printed. They fail to realize how much more interesting and pleasing their face is in old age if they have lived a fairly wise and industrious life. I've had men of seventy actually who have given me for reproduction photographs of themselves at thirty-five. Women don't do this. I believe they hate old age more than women do." "I hate it," said the other grimly.—Exchange.

THE NATURE OF STARS.

Why They Range From White to Dull Red in Color.

The very constitution of stars implies the presence of some that are dark. Every one of them is more or less quickly using up their matter, which is never long at one temperature; hence their range of colors, from incandescent white or bluish white to dull red preceding darkness, the ultimate goal of all.

The so called temporary stars, of which no fewer than twenty-seven have been noted in historic time, wax and wane with marvelous and miraculous brilliancy, sometimes within the short period of six or months, as Tycho's star in 1572 and then become dark bodies only to flash up anew by the downfall of a vast mass of matter—matter from some neighboring star.

Many bright stars are known by the periodic fluctuations of their special lines of light, and these are supposed to be caused by the [illegible] companion of [illegible] after [illegible] was [illegible] Bessel, so was [illegible] the dark companion of the star Sirius, which shines as one of the brightest of the fixed stars.

The [illegible] of Algol, [illegible] through a period of [illegible] so quickly, because the passage of faint stars to and fro across the bright ones, and this is supposed to produce many of the little dark [illegible] to us.

WHEN JABBERWOCK RODE

By Keith Gordon

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There was nothing at all extraordinary in its appearance, and it arrived in the usual way. In other words, it was a letter in a square white envelope, and the stolid postman stuffed it into that one of the row of mail boxes which bore the name "Loring," just as indifferently as he tucked an advertising circular into Smith's box and an envelope bearing all the outward and visible signs of a bill into the Lymans'. Then he blew a shrill note on his whistle and continued on his impersonal errand down the block.

Barbara heard the whistle and wondered with mild interest whether there was any mail for her. Being a maiden of, not young person, she went calmly on about her affairs, having learned from experience that her fair share of the United States mail was not usually of a character to make a trip down four flights of stairs worth while. Having no presentiment that something superfine was hanging over her head, it was fully an hour later when she was ready to go out on an errand. She lifted a small key, one of the brass bowl that stood on the mantelshelf, and making her ways to an unpretentious manner to the vestibule, lifted the narrow slat in the mail box and took out the letter.

Even then, with the momentous document in her fingers, she failed to recognize it in her hopes, as her great grandmother would have done, that something unusual was about to happen. A gleam of curiosity did, however, light up her face as she glanced at the superscription and, tearing the edge of the envelope off slightly, passed on into the street, reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive on a salver on a silver tray, heralded by a flourish of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake. All the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the boy was just tinkering the walls with a fresh green and the inevitable group of children of assorted ages and sizes, all busily scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the usurpation of the sidewalk. It looked the same old [illegible] street, Town.

She managed to read the note a second time. The blood rose in her cheeks, her eyes sparkled with excitement, and she [illegible] by just [illegible] the [illegible] fussy as if it were the [illegible] hustled. It disappeared, and the combination of its possessor had [illegible] on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the reality of things.

In the next block she ran into a portly colored woman, with a large bundle. "Parcels, miss?" she began in expectation of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon," and she continued on her way toward Fifth avenue with a somewhat [illegible] tread [illegible]. Once there she swung along as if she were walking on air, saying over and again to herself: "Millions do you understand all those?"

Then she used ingeniously to go away from that thought, to think of what the note meant in more mundane things. It would mean calls and orders and a maid. That was her first thought, and she laughed outright at its meagerness. An imagination limited to poverty could not grasp the possibilities of such a fortune all at once. It would have to be trained up to it, just as contralto voices were sometimes trained up to sopranos. Calls and violets indeed! Orchids and a victoria, with two men on the box, was more like it.

But what were those things? Mere incidentals. It meant Paris, London, St. Petersburg and Rome; aye, and India and Egypt! It meant all the dreams of her life come true and in addition splendors that she had never even thought of in her wildest flights of fancy.

She drew her breath in sharply. The realization of what it would mean to be the wife of a man with a score of millions was almost oppressive. Even now she was beginning to feel the responsibility of wealth, and as she turned into an art gallery at the corner of Thirty-fourth street, where in the silence she meant to sit and think it out, there was a little frown upon her forehead.

For the third time within the hour she read over the note. Now that the first dizziness of the magnificence offered her was over, she began to have an acute sense of something else than the twenty millions myself.

It meant being the wife of a man older than her own father would have been had he lived, and one for whom in her most enthusiastic moods she had never more than an indifferent admiration. Still, with the elements of his great fortune about him, he [illegible] seem repellent. She felt to the depths their life together would be [illegible]. But in spite of her best efforts it was another face—young, strong and frank—that rose before her. She summoned Peter Milward, but it was Jack Carruthers that appeared, and insisted upon taking his place at her side.

She shook herself impatiently, and from the expression of her face it was evident that she willed Satan not to get behind her, but to come out into the open with all his most alluring temptations.

"I've been poor so long," she was thinking. "Of course it won't be—won't be"—she caught her breath and then forced herself to think the unthinkable—"It won't be like marrying Jack. But I should have everything in the world besides him. No life is all beer and skittles, and, after all, if I had never met him I should have lived and been happy without him. I shall make believe that I never did."

Having reached this worldly conclusion, she leaned back in a more comfortable position and gazed at a dreamy Claude Monet on the opposite wall. Then her self communion began again.

"But there's Mr. Milward. I shall not be able to forget him. I wish he were not quite so decembery. If only he showed a little more alive?"

With a quickened breath she fancied herself alone with him in a beautiful home. Servants moved noisily about, but he was always cold and prim and still. She felt stifled. She felt like a prisoner. She belonged to him, for he had bought her with his twenty millions. Oh, the horror—the degradation of it!

Once more she took herself to task angrily.

"It's perfect nonsense," she told herself vehemently. "He is a very nice old man, and in time you'll get used to him. All your life you've longed for wealth, and now when it is laid at your feet you must quibble. Wait until the next interest payment is due on the mortgage at home. You'll wish then that you had forgotten sentiment."

Thus she went on goading herself, but to no purpose. There was not another person in the room, and she hid her face in her hands and murmured in desperation: "Oh, Jack! Jack!"

Restlessly she rose and emerged into the street again. The clouds hung low, but there was a slight fog. The gray of the stone walks, the pavements and the sky all seemed to melt together into one sad [illegible] picture. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the butcher's wagon up, filled the street, keeping so close together that even the most daring person did not venture to cross, and Barbara stood at the edge of the walk waiting for a break in the line to occur.

She never knew [illegible] there—long [illegible] new [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Selkirk's Deal In Rubber

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

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SELKIRK had been sent south to look after the American Rubber company's interests in the interior of Honduras, and after two months of the most exasperating exploration through the swamps and woods of the lowlands ten miles back from the coast he was free to confess that he was not in love with the job. Besides the risk to one's life from fevers and ruthless cutthroats, the pay was hardly commensurate with his ideas of his usefulness. It seemed like two years instead of two months since he had seen a white man or a civilized home, and it was good to gaze at the blue expanse of the sea again and even at the dismal mud and thatch houses of Amapala. Only that morning he had returned to the coast, and his expectant eyes had scanned the sea eagerly for a steamer, but he had been disappointed and then rejoiced at the report that the isthmian steamer was due in two days.

"I'll arrange to return on her," he had said abruptly, expressing his thoughts aloud. "I'm sick of those infernal wilds and people."

The American consul, a small, dried up man whose sallow complexion indicated long residence in the tropics, shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Selkirk looked at the man in pity and added, "And you stay here right along?"

"Twenty-five years now," was the laconic reply. "I suppose I'll die here too. One place is about as good as another."

Then, turning brusquely toward his desk, he added: "Selkirk is your name, isn't it? Yes; I have some mail for you. Here's a letter marked 'Important.' It was brought on the last steamer."

Selkirk looked over the letters. Some were business communications, others from home and friends, but the one marked important was from his employers. The rubber company's name was plainly stamped on the outside. He tore it open rapidly, scanned its contents in a few vivid glances and then swore mildly under his mustache.

"I won't do it! I swear I won't! I'd die there," shouted Selkirk breathlessly. "They are a set of—"

Then he stopped and flung himself in the only vacant chair in the hot, dingy office. He looked up helplessly at his companion. "They want me to go back—penetrate deeper into the rubber forest. There is something in the wind. Somebody else is after the rubber, and they say I must return and get ahead of them. I won't do it. No, I won't!"

The very thoughts of returning to the dismal interior made him faint, and yet—

"The black Caribs of the interior know where these forests of big rubber trees are located. You must bribe, coax or threaten them to reveal the secret. If you get ahead of the other company—an English one, by the way—we will make it all right with you on your return."

This extract from the letter ran through Selkirk's brain, and then at the end was a promise to give him a part interest in the profits if he was successful. But a horrible nightmare of fever, marshes and black natives stealing out of the bush and grinning fiendishly at him made him shiver.

"No, I won't do it!" he shouted.

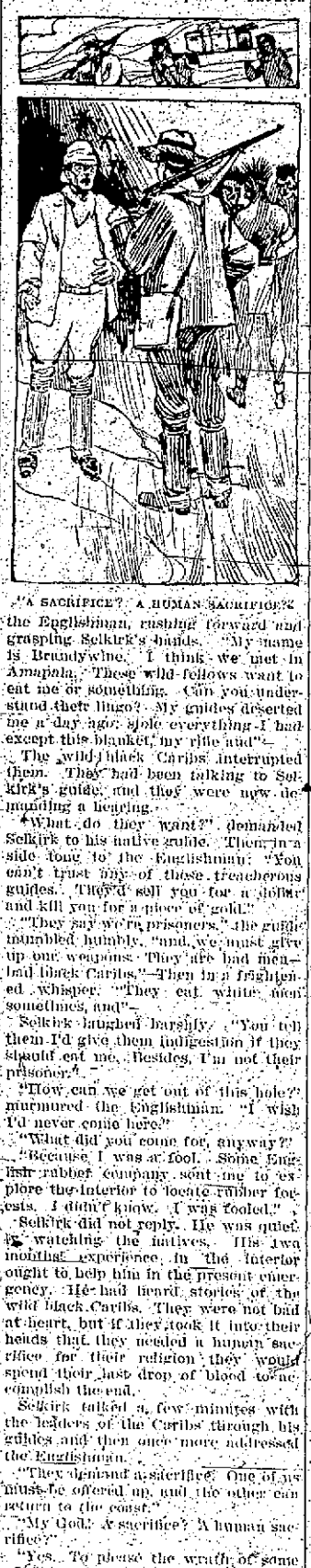
He lingered two days in Amapala, pleading over every time his spirits wavered that he "wouldn't go back to the interior for all the rubber in the woods!" Then when the steamer from the isthmus leave in sight he was in a fever of doubts and anxieties. When she touched the pier he ran out to meet her. Another man disembarked. He talked rubber from the moment he landed until Selkirk lost sight of him.

"He's after the rubber, too," sententiously remarked the American consul. Selkirk stared, held his breath and then bolted from the office. Before night he was on his way back to the interior, carrying with him only a light traveling outfit and two guides who had accompanied him on his former trip. He knew that it was a race between the English and American companies, and Selkirk felt his native American pride urging him onward.

But the Honduras forests and swamps are the worst in the world to get lost in, and before they were two days out from Amapala the guides appeared hopelessly tangled in a tropical jungle. Selkirk swore at the stupidity of the native guides and tried to find his way out by studying his chart.

Then a queer thing happened. They suddenly plunged out of their dismal forest fastness into an upland opening with a score of native huts in full view. But more surprising than these huts was the appearance of the natives grouped under an immense coyol palm eagerly gesticulating and talking to a white man. Selkirk gave a little impatient grunt and ground his teeth in rage. Before him was the English agent who had landed at Amapala two days before.

"Thank God, there's another white man in this infernal place!" shouted



"A SACRIFICE? A HUMAN SACRIFICE?"

the Englishman, rushing forward and grasping Selkirk's hands. "My name is Brandywine. I think we met in Amapala. These wild fellows want to eat me or something. Can you understand their lingo? My guides deserted me a day ago, stole everything I had except this blanket, my rifle and—"

The wild black Caribs interrupted them. They had been talking to Selkirk's guide, and they were now demanding a hearing.

"What do they want?" demanded Selkirk to his native guide. Then in a side tone to the Englishman: "You can't trust any of these treacherous guides. They'd sell you for a dollar and kill you for a piece of gold."

"They say we're prisoners," the guide mumbled humbly, "and we must give up our weapons. They are bad men—bad black Caribs."—Then in a frightened whisper: "They eat white men sometimes, and"—

Selkirk laughed harshly. "You tell them I'd give them indigestion if they should eat me. Besides, I'm not their prisoner."

"How can we get out of this hole?" murmured the Englishman. "I wish I'd never come here."

"What did you come for, anyway?"

"Because I was a fool. Some English rubber company sent me to explore the interior to locate rubber forests. I didn't know. I was fooled."

Selkirk did not reply. He was quiet, watching the natives. His two months' experience in the interior ought to help him in the present emergency. He had heard stories of the wild black Caribs. They were not bad at heart, but if they took it into their heads that they needed a human sacrifice for their religion they would spend their last drop of blood to accomplish the end.

Selkirk talked a few minutes with the leaders of the Caribs through his guides and then once more addressed the Englishman.

"They demand a sacrifice. One of us must be offered up, and the other can return to the coast."

"My God! A sacrifice? A human sacrifice?"

"Yes. To please the wrath of some of their gods," coolly replied Selkirk.

"It's terrible! Monstrous!" shouted the Englishman, the drops of perspiration appearing on his forehead. "What can we do? You don't propose yielding to them. I'd rather die fighting than—"

"Being roasted alive? Well, so would I. But one of us can escape, and it is folly to sacrifice both lives."

Brandywine's face was livid, and his hands trembled violently. His eyes bulged from their sockets as he stammered, "You mean that we should—should draw lots to see which one—"

"We might do that," laconically interrupted Selkirk.

"I—I—my family—my dear wife and child," muttered the Englishman.

Selkirk suddenly stiffened. "You have a family—wife and child?"

"Yes; the best that ever lived. She did not want me to come out here. It was my pighead-ness. She said"—

"That makes a difference. I could not draw lots with you. I have no family, no wife or children—only a"—

"Sweetheart; some one waiting for you to"—

"No, not that; she is not waiting. I fear she does not care."

There was a bitterness in the tone which made the Englishman wince. Instinctively he held forth his hand. Selkirk grasped it, squeezed it a moment and then said: "I'll stay. You can go back to the coast. No one will miss me."

"No, I couldn't do that. Assert you. It"—

"You must. One life lost is better than two. These people are ignorant and superstitious, but they are honest in redeeming their word. If they promise if they will take you back safely to the coast, and then you can reach Amapala and the American consul. Tell him all, and if"—

He stopped. The Englishman blinked and held back a tear. "I understand," he said hoarsely. "Give me her name and address. I'll do it and tell her all. She'll despise me, but she shall know how brave and self sacrificing you were. I"—

Selkirk scribbled a name and address on a sheet of paper. "There, keep that, and if I should ever escape I'll see how well you redeem your promise."

"I'll— But, my God, how can I leave you to such a fate? Roasted alive—and eaten! I can't! I can't!"

"Oh, I won't mind it. I can take my own life at the last moment if need be. Now, goodbye. They are waiting to escort you to the coast and me to their infernal prison and roasting spit."

They shook hands again, but as they turned to separate Selkirk added: "By the way, you say your name is Brandywine and that you represent the British Honduras Rubber company. But what were you trying to do in this God forsaken region?"

"Trying to enrich the company by finding a new forest of rubber trees—sacrificing my life to their greed."

"Indeed! That makes it all the more necessary that you should return to the coast and report the danger to prevent others from trying it. Where was the new forest supposed to be located?"

"Way up on the west banks of the Segovia and ten miles from a settlement of Indian Caribs near its source. Here is a map the company gave me. But it's all Greek to me. I thought these Carib guides could direct me."

Selkirk gazed at it musingly, and when he handed it back he said, "Good-by and good luck to you!"

Brandywine replaced the map in his pocket and seemed greatly affected. The black Caribs stood around them in warlike dress. Selkirk said briefly to his guide: "Tell them to guide him back to the coast. I'll stay."

Selkirk watched them disappear, a mournful expression on his face, and then when they were no longer in view he smiled. Taking a match from his pocket, he struck a light and puffed away at his black pipe.

"They will get him out of the way all right," he said reflectively. "And that pup was a good one, better than mine. I must get up there in a hurry."

Then in native Carib jargon he said to his guide: "We'll start at once. We must go up the Segovia in canoes. How far are we from the river?"

"Ten miles," was the quiet answer.

"Heavens! Ten miles of this infernal forest? Well, get some guides who know the way thoroughly. If we are not there by tomorrow, I'll shoot some body. Understand? No trickery, or your life will pay for it. And if

"HOW ABOUT THE ENGLISHMAN?"

we succeed there'll be gold for you and this rifle and everything I have in the outfit."

The native guide understood and bowed gratefully. Selkirk watched him narrowly and muttered: "He'll do. I don't think he dare betray me."

Half an hour later he was moving in the opposite direction from that taken by the Englishman and his escort. The fear of roasting alive seemed to have escaped his mind entirely. Once or twice he laughed softly to himself.

Two weeks later, when Selkirk appeared at the American consul's dingy office at Amapala, he was greeted cordially by that sun dried individual. After a few words of welcome he asked:

"How about the Englishman? Did he return all right?"

"Yes. He left for the States on the next steamer. A fine tale you played him. He ordered me to send a relief expedition after you at once. I think when he reaches the States he'll have a fine story to tell. But I've anticipated him by cabling to the state department. I know you would return."

"It was rather a mean trick to play, but I'm not sure but I saved his life. He might have died in the swamps."

"Yes, he might have had that luck. And so might you."

"Oh, I'm different. I'm used to it. I've knocked around the world more than he has. But I wonder if he will deliver the message to—to"—

The American consul laughed. "Yes, he had her name and address. He had a fine story to tell her."

New P., S. & N. Time Table.

The P., S. & N. R. R. will make a change in passenger train schedule effective Sunday, February 28th. They will put on about the same serving as they had in effect when the through line was first opened up. Smethport people will be very glad to hear of this change. Trains will leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m. for Mt. Jewett.

9:00 a. m. for Eldred and Olean arriving at Olean at 10:15 a. m., making connection with the P. R. R. for Buffalo. This train will also connect at Larabee with the P. R. R. south bound train for Port Allegany and Coudersport.

12:02 noon for Mt. Jewett, arriving at Mt. Jewett at 12:45 p. m., making connections with the B., R. & P. flyer for points south.

2:11 p. m. for Eldred and Olean, arriving at Olean at 3:20 p. m., making connection with the P. R. R. for Buffalo.

5:00 p. m. for Larabee, making connection with the P. R. R. south bound train for Port Allegany and Coudersport.

7:20 p. m. for Clermont and St. Marys.

Subscribe for the MINER.

BREACH OF PROMISE

IT IS AN EASY MATTER FOR A WOMAN TO OBTAIN DAMAGES.

Simple Compliments or Acts of Gallantry Are Sufficient In the Eyes of the Law to Support Proof of a Promise to Marry.

Ever since Margaret Grudyner and her daughter Alice brought what is reputed to have been the first breach of promise suit, against John Keche of Yipsywych, showing that he, the said John Keche, had received a sum of money on condition of his marrying the aforesaid Alice and that he had married Joan Bloys, "sayne all good reason and conscience," breach of promise suits have been recognized among all English speaking peoples. Lord Holt enforced it at common law, holding that "the wounded spirit, the unmerited disgrace and the solitude which would be the probable consequence of desertion after a long courtship were considered to be as legitimate claims for pecuniary damages as the loss of reputation by slander or the wounded pride in slight assaults and batteries."

These matrimonial contracts are sui generis. No grim visaged lawyer draws up a formal contract to be executed; no notary pries into the intents and purposes of the parties and certifies the same under his official seal; no go-between Pandarus is present to hold the hands of Troilus and Cressida and solemnly pronounce

"A bargain made. Seal it, seal it. I'll be the witness."

No. In the vine clad arbor or behind the protecting screens of parlor walls, in some shady nook or in the dim moonlight deep down some lonely dell, far sunken from the deathly breath of mom and eve's one star, these engagements are softly whispered and the contract sealed with a kiss.

For these reasons, while the making of the contract is a question of proof, it need not be proved in formal terms and is often inferred from the actions, language and conduct of the parties, and it is difficult to tell under what circumstances the court would be justified in finding that a promise had been made. Many a young man not fully bent on matrimony would sometimes be surprised to find that his language, intended only as a compliment to some charming damsel, or his conduct, meant solely as an act of gallantry, is sufficient in the eyes of the law to support proof of a promise to marry.

A gentleman once concluded that it would be a very clever and a very funny thing to send to his duleinea a newspaper article entitled "Love, the Conqueror," marking it, "Read this." The lady did read this and when the funny gentleman declined to marry her she brought suit against him and read the article to the jury, who gave her $4,000 damages. The supreme court of Illinois, sustaining the verdict, said: "The article may be regarded as the defendant's own letter. It doubtless contained sentiment which he sanctioned, couched in language more choice than he could compose. It was his appeal for marriage. It foretold in clear and emphatic language his object and intent in his courtship with her. She doubtless placed this construction upon it, as she well might do, and laid it aside as a rare treasure."

In a New York case it was shown on the trial that a widower, a pious elder of fifty-three years of age, soon after the death of his wife visited the plaintiff, a maiden lady of thirty, and, taking out a memorandum book, from which he read, or pretended to read, stated in a confidential way that he had noted down some requests made by his wife four days before her death; that it was something he could not tell her now, but that she (the maiden lady) would know some day," darkly hinting, so the lady took it, that the deceased wife had requested the forlorn widower to lighten his grief by marrying the plaintiff. It was proved that after this confidential talk there were rides and drives together, frequent visits extending till late in the evening, and, to cap the climax, the widower told the plaintiff that after the lapse of a year from the death of his wife (the widower's quarantine, it seems) he intended to marry, and he then entered into a minute description of the lady he wanted to marry, which description was an exact photograph of the plaintiff. While we cannot but admire the shrewd diplomacy of this wily widower, courting by dark insinuations and covert suggestions and not committing himself by an open avowal, yet, as the sequel shows, he ran amuck of the doctrine of estoppel.

The sanctimonious Proteus forgot his Julia and found him another sweetheart, and, knowing that he had become somewhat involved in his affair with the plaintiff, he diplomatically undertook to checkmate the lady. He told her that he did not want her people to think that he was paying her the attentions of a lover so soon after the death of his wife, and in order to allay that suspicion he drew up a note, in which the plaintiff was made to say that she regarded his visits as "simply evidences of friendship and nothing more," and got her to sign it. The jury found in her favor, and the court of appeals of New York upheld the verdict.

In a Connecticut case the defendant had been heard to remark on his happiness when in plaintiff's company and his utter misery unless in her society. The parties had exchanged daguerreotypes, the defendant had taught the plaintiff's nephew to call him uncle and had told the plaintiff's brother-in-law that "all the courting was done," little suspecting that the plaintiff would take a hand at "courting" in the presence of judge and jury.

The defendant afterward went on a voyage, and while on the sea he indited offensive love letters to the plaintiff, telling her how constantly he thought of her while awake and how he dreamed of her while asleep, touchingly adding, "While I am tossed to and fro on this wide ocean, I love thee still."

Yet notwithstanding all this the mad lover broke off his engagement.

The plaintiff's "courting" was fully as successful as had been that of the defendant, for she recovered a judgment for $1,500.

In a Vermont case the plaintiff and defendant were neighbors, and the defendant paid neighborly visits to the plaintiff's family. It was shown that these visits were at first to the entire family and that they were gradually narrowed until they were confined to the plaintiff alone. This fact, together with the proof that during the periods of the defendant's visits lights were frequently seen burning in the parlor on Saturday and Sunday evenings and some other circumstances, led the jury to find for the plaintiff.

A very cruel case occurred in Michigan. A man who, strange to relate, bore the name of Constant while engaged in courting had his financial eye open and borrowed money from the lady. On his last visit to her he renewed his notes for one and two years and then went off and married the other girl. The court held that it was proper to allow proof of this money transaction, holding that "an engagement broken off suddenly and without warning would very naturally create more pain and mortification than if ended under any other circumstances, and if a jury were to regard this conduct concerning money matters as calculated, under the circumstances, to have caused additional grounds of pain or grievance to the defendant in error, we think they would not be violating ordinary probabilities."

Where the defendant asked the hand of the lady in the presence of the latter's mother, who consented, and the lady said nothing and the defendant thereupon gently took the hand of the mother and touchingly said, "Henceforth consider me as your son," it was held sufficient proof of the lady's consent, and in a New York case the lady was permitted to show that she had procured a wedding dress and had gone so far as to get a wedding cake, as showing her acceptance, while in Iowa the plaintiff was allowed to prove in support of her acceptance that she was making preparation for her marriage "piecing quilts and doing fancy work, and that when she heard of defendant's marriage she hated it awful-bad."

While the law makes it easy to prove a proposal by the gentleman and equally easy to show that the lady accepted, when it comes to evidence showing a release on the part of the lady the proof must be strong to sustain the defense.

In one case a bachelor of fifty-three had been paying his respects to a maiden of forty-three summers for the unlucky period of thirteen years. During all this time she declared to others that she would never marry him and spoke of him in terms of derision and contempt. After thirteen years of courtship the bachelor summoned sufficient courage to propose and was promptly accepted. After the engagement he heard of the double dealings of the maid and refused to marry her. The court held it was no defense to the action, although it might go in mitigation of damages.

In a Pennsylvania case the lady wrote the defendant a letter in which she said: "I don't want you, for I know that I would have a devil's life of it. If you were any kind of a gentleman you would not act as you have. I pray night and day that you may never prosper in this world. I just pray for every hair in your head to come out." And yet she recovered a judgment for $2,000.

In looking beneath the surface for the reason for this verdict it is quite evident that the jury believed that the lady was goaded to desperation by the attentions of her fiance to her rival and that she did not in fact mean to say that she did not want to marry him and did not really desire that he lose all his hair, for in her letter she says cruelly of her rival, "Well, if I am poor I do not wear the one hat for five or six years, like she does, and turn it hind part before, like she does."

Under the weight of authority, then, if a party does not want to find himself in the eyes of the law an engaged man he must look well to his daily walk and conversation, for if he has so conducted himself as to be estopped from denying the engagement he will have a difficult problem to convince a judge and jury that the lady has duly released him.—Green Bag.

A Wine Bath.

Do you want to bathe in wine?—In all probability the answer of nine tenths of our readers to this question will be "No." If you were in Italy, however, and you were to put the question to an owner of a vineyard, you would get a reply in the affirmative. There is a curious superstition among the vineyard owners of Italy that the man who takes a bath in the juice of his own grapes will have a happy and prosperous year. Maybe some of our readers will say that there is quite as much sense in this notion as in the English custom of drinking "a happy new year" to every one.—London Notes.

Putting It Tactfully.

A certain subordinate government official was absent from his post on a week's leave, at the end of which he telegraphed to his superior to the following effect:

"Sir, I shall feel grateful if you will grant me an extension of leave for two days, as a friend of mine is going to be married and wants me to act as bridegroom."

A Time Saving Device.

"Yes, sighed the complaining school teacher, "I think that is a model letter for you to write your dunces. But of course you will only it, tearing out those numerous spaces?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the girl. "Those are for dearest. I have it on a rubber stamp."—Detroit Free Press.

Excess of Attention.

"Did her father show you the door?"

"He did better than that. He showed me the door, the front gate and the corner drug store two blocks away."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The oyster at its best is inferior as a toothsome delicacy to the succulent clam.—Providence Journal.

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